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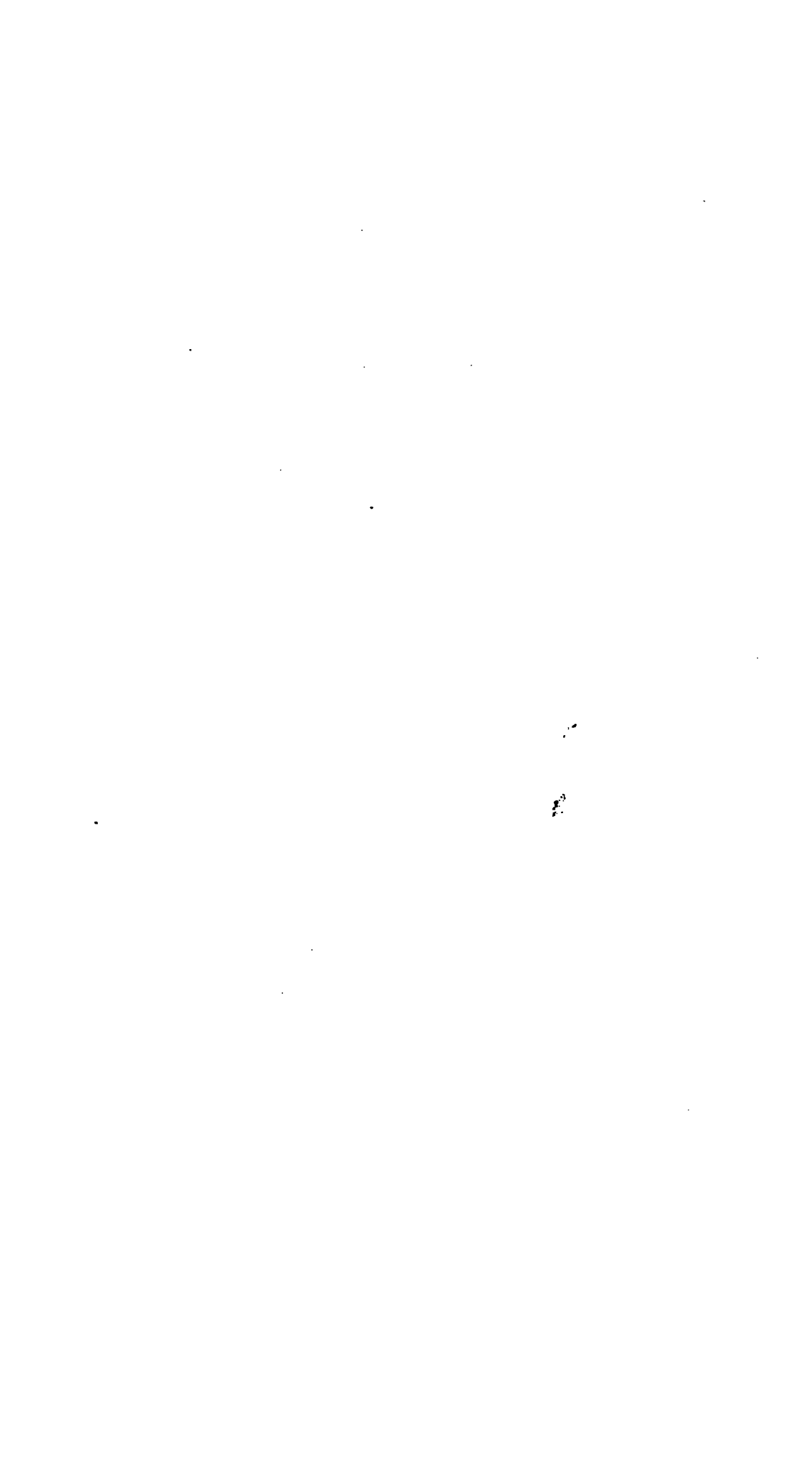








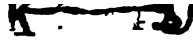






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ENGLISH
SACRED POETRY

OF THE

SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, AND
NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, M.A.
INCUMBENT OF BEAR WOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOLMAN HUNT, J. D. WATSON, JOHN GILBERT, J. WOLF, ETC.
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PREFACE.

My late friend MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY observed after quoting some lines from King's memorial of his wife, that he did not dare to offer a comment on the old-fashioned couplets, lest he should disturb the sanctity and repose which they were calculated to inspire. I share the apprehension. Our old Poems leave on the mind the same impression as our old Sermons. They are alike distinguished by intensity of purpose and naturalness of sentiment. We do not pray, was the complaint of COLERIDGE, with that entire, unsuspecting, childlike truthfulness which shines so beautifully in JEREMY TAYLOR and ANDREWS. And surely our praise and thankfulness rarely swell with the fervour and exultation which inflame the songs of CRASHAW and HERBERT. Nor is the elevation of thought, so conspicuous in our elder literature, commonly noticeable in the modern. Along the high argument of SPENSER the spiritual ear is braced, as the traveller loses his deafness on the top of the Pyramid.

letter from Circ. Dept. Hamilton Grange Branch, AUG 31 1909

PREFACE.

A remembrance of our Worthies is not unneedful; the grey fathers of learning and imagination recede every day further from the eye. Science has a phrase—acoustic shadow—which is significant and suggestive. In a great city you may hear the chime of bells in one street, and lose it in the next; the buildings bury the sound. Application of the comparison is easy: our times do not favour the diffusion of solemn, thoughtful strains; frequent obstacles come between the music and the hearers. The chime is broken by the objects that intercept it. The old is scattered by the new.

The parallel between our Poets and Preachers might be pleasantly enlarged. What BUTLER said of DONNE is true of the lighter fancies of his and the succeeding age. The poem, like the discourse, is often a voluntary, without any particular design of air; the composer changes the key at will; whereas, in some of our finest modern works, is traced a regular and consecutive advance in the order of the lines, causing the effect, according to its degree, which is felt in an oratorio of HANDEL. The labour, which modern writers bestow on the expression of thought, was lavished by their ancestors on the thoughts themselves. Style is contrasted with conception; the armour with the giant who wears it. Indeed, the weight of sense and the gathered richness of illustration are distinguishing features of the seventeenth century, in prose, and verse. You must work a poem, as you work a problem. In a foreign language, the case of MICHAEL

PREFACE.

ANGELO may recur to the memory, and exemplify the remark. WORDSWORTH, who translated ARIOSTO at the rate of a hundred lines in the day, was only able to finish one out of the fifteen sonnets which he attempted, and he frankly confessed that the others "were too much for him."

Of course, harshness of diction is the frequent and inevitable companion of compression. The line of beauty is broken under the screw. The stream runs sluggishly with the gold that enriches it. Compensation is given in vigour: you miss grace, and find strength. COWPER considered the result satisfactory, and playfully illustrated a critic's treatment of a poem, by the homely image of a cook fastening the legs of a dead turkey to a post, and drawing out all its sinews. The robust roughness of versification has a charm. In an organ the quality of tone chiefly depends on the material of the pipes. The ear is conscious of a soothing, plaintive softness in the hard and knotty rhymes of HENRY VAUGHAN, which it does not recognise in smoother words. Without believing a poem, like a Cremona, to be absolutely improved by its years, I think that it frequently gains beauty from them. The tint that mellows glass is the effect of time.

I had inserted ampler specimens of our elder verse, but circumstances made their erasure necessary. The specimens of old poetry should be printed without alteration; these medals ought to appear with their rust.

PREFACE.

COLERIDGE failed to embody in type his notion of a Poetical Filter, which he proposed to construct on the principle of omitting from pieces of lyrical poetry those parts, in which the bad taste of the author, or the fashion of the age, prevailed over his genius. Doubtless, a large number of exquisite wholes might, as COLERIDGE affirmed, be made by such a process. But the picture is injured by the partial cleaning. And even the faults of the poem may sometimes heighten the beauties. The wall of the old church is never improved by sweeping away the moss and weather-stains. The result would be similar in poetry. Lovely lines are connected by a discordant stanza. The contrast cannot be avoided. You must have lead-work in the painted window.

In perusing this Volume I would ask the reader to remember the remark of Dean ALFORD, which Mr. WORDSWORTH quoted with much approval:—I mean the distinction drawn between, *religion in poetry, and versified religion*. The poet does not display all the varied influences which his own heart recognises, but only those which he considers himself able, as an artist, to set forth with advantage. Sometimes this exhibition is made indirectly, and, as it were, unconsciously. THOMSON'S "Hymn" is one example. GRAY'S "Elegy" is a second. POPE'S "Messiah" is a third.

Devotional poetry, though represented in the following pages, does not occupy a prominent place. A picture-

PREFACE.

book addresses the heart through the eye. Piety must be shown in action. But wheresoever truth and beauty of heart are shaped into language, there the very essence of Sacred Poetry will be found. A grand Hymn of SPENSER yields it, or a devout lay of PROCTER; just as the corn-field offers a sacrifice to God in its thousand sheaves, and the violet breathes it under the hedge.

Of the Poems in the Volume I may not speak. Most of them are their own panegyrists. Some will be new to the reader, and perhaps familiar names may afford unexpected gratification. How little is PRIOR valued for his serious rhymes! Yet BEATTIE said that much of his "Solomon" "is real poetry," and the admiration of ROGERS is recorded. A few poems by American authors merit the warmest praise. I will only add that the "Elegy" of GRAY is printed from the fac-simile of the original manuscript, furnished by MR. MATHIAS.

ST. CATHERINE'S,
September 3, 1861.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
JOSEPH ADDISON.		ROBERT BURNS.	
THE WATCHING OF PROVIDENCE	143	SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE	213
CONSOLATION	145	WINTER—A DIRGE	216
HENRY ALFORD.		JOHN BYROM.	
A TRUANT HOUR	318	ENTHUSIASM DEFINED	155
THE LITTLE MOURNER	320	LORD BYRON.	
LAST WORDS	323	THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB	251
HOW WE BURIED HIM	325	THOMAS CAMPBELL.	
ANNA L. BARBAULD.		THE RAINBOW	246
ALL NATIONS CALLED TO WORSHIP GOD.	202	THE LAST MAN	248
JAMES BEATTIE.		EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.	
THE HERMIT	188	THE CHARM OF SYMPATHY	197
ROBERT BLAIR.		THOMAS CHATTERTON.	
THE OLD CHURCH IN A STORM	158	THE RESIGNATION	189
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.		SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.	
MOONLIGHT	257	HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI	232
CAROLINE BOWLES.		ABRAHAM COWLEY.	
THE LAST JOURNEY	283	THE GARDEN	117
NICHOLAS BRETON.		WILLIAM COWPER.	
A SIGH	16	THE PEACE COMING ON THE EARTH	169
LORD BROOKE.		GEORGE CRABBE.	
TRUE USE OF KNOWLEDGE	40	REMORSE UNSANCTIFIED	204
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.		THE NURSING FRIEND	206
WISDOM UNAPPLIED	329	A LESSON	207
THE WEAKEST THING	332	THE LOST WIFE	208
MICHAEL BRUCE.		THE VILLAGE MOTHER FORSAKEN	209
ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING	194	THE BLESSINGS OF TRIBULATION	211
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.		RICHARD CRASHAW.	
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS	358	A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY	113
THE PAST	359		

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
GEORGE CROLY.		HUMPHREY GIFFORD.	
JACOB'S DREAM.—FROM A PICTURE BY ALLSTON	282	A DREAM	49
THOMAS DALE.		JAMES GRAHAME.	
A MOTHER'S GRIEF	312	AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK	217
JESUS PAYING TRIBUTE	314	THE RESURRECTION	219
THE CROWN OF THORNS	316	THOMAS GRAY.	
SAMUEL DANIEL.		ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD	
THE CLOSING SCENE	24	173	
SIR JOHN DAVIES.		WILLIAM HABINGTON.	
VANITY OF LEARNING	30	THE EXALTING OF THE HUMBLE	98
FRANCIS DAVISON.		THOMAS HARVEY.	
THIRTEENTH PSALM	29	THE HEART ENLARGED	132
SIR KENELM DIGBY.		REGINALD HEBER.	
A HERMIT IN AN ARBOUR	94	ST. STEPHEN'S DAY	253
GEORGE W. DOANE.		FELICIA HEMANS.	
ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP RAVENSCROFT	377	A FATHER READING THE BIBLE	275
JOHN DONNE.		EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL	277
DEATH	42	HERBERT.	
WILLIAM DRUMMOND.		LIFE	80
THE WORLD: A BOOK TO BE READ	52	EMPLOYMENT	81
JOHN DRYDEN.		THE PEARL	83
THE TEN DECIM	125	PEACE	84
JOHN DYER.		THE PILORIMAGE	86
COMMERCE—A HELP TO RELIGION	160	THE FLOWER	88
JAMES EDMESTON.		GRACE	90
FORGIVENESS	259	THE QUIP	91
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.		ROBERT HERRICK.	
SUNDAY IN THE FIELDS	223	LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT	68
GILES FLETCHER.		THOMAS HEYWOOD.	
HOME OF THE BLESSED	55	SEARCH AFTER GOD	85
PHINEAS FLETCHER.		THOMAS HOOD.	
DECAY OF EARTHLY POMF	53	THE DEATH-BED	279
		TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER	280
		MARY HOWITT.	
		MOTHERS	333
		APPROACHING THE UNSEEN	336
		RICHARD HOWITT.	
		TO A FLOWER	341

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
WILLIAM HOWITT.		HENRY HART MILMAN.	
A FATHER'S LAMENT	338	THE LARK AT THE TOMB	270
BEN JONSON.		GOOD FRIDAY	272
PICTURE OF A MIND	43	THE DEPARTED IN THE LORD	274
GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS	45	JOHN MILTON.	
THOMAS JORDAN.		MORNING PRAYER IN PARADISE	100
INSCRIPTION FOR LOT'S WIFE	129	MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.	
JOHN KEBLE.		TO MY MOTHER SLEEPING	205
BEREAVEMENT	291	JOHN S. B. MONSELL.	
CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS	294	ALL-SAINTS' DAY	364
THOMAS KEN.		ST. MATTHEW	367
MIDNIGHT	127	TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK	363
HENRY KING.		JAMES MONTGOMERY.	
THE REMEMBRANCE	65	THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND	230
HERBERT KNOWLES.		THOMAS MOORE.	
THE THREE TABERNACLES	254	THOU ART, O GOD	243
W. E. LITTLEWOOD.		THE WIPER AWAY OF TEARS	245
FIELDS AND WOODS PRAISING GOD	379	HANNAH MORE.	
LLOYD.		THE TWO WEAVERS	199
THE ILLUMINATION OF THE BLIND	224	JOHN MOULTRIE.	
JOHN LOGAN.		EASTER EVE	354
ODE WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY		JOHN NEWTON.	
IN AUTUMN	196	GOOD DESIRES	184
H. W. LONGFELLOW.		PRAISE FOR REDEEMING LOVE	185
THE BELEAGUERED CITY	360	JOHN NORRIS.	
RESIGNATION	362	THE MEDITATION	130
THOMAS MARSHALL.		AMELIA OPIE.	
REMEMBER	3	A LAMENT	202
JOHN MASON.		THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES.	
PRAISE FOR THE EVENING	124	A QUIET MIND	6
WILLIAM MASON.		THOMAS PARNELL.	
ON HIS WIFE, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF		CONTENTMENT	133
BRISTOL	163	WILLIAM PEABODY.	
GERALD MASSEY.		THE AUTUMN EVENING	376
A LETTER IN BLACK	348	COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.	
JAMES MERRICK.		PRAYER OF THE PSALMIST	33
FOR GOD'S HELP	151		

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
ROBERT POLLOK.		JANE TAYLOR.	
DAWN OF HOPE AND PEACE ON THE DARK SOUL	225	THE TRUE INQUIRY	256
ALEXANDER POPE.		JEREMY TAYLOR.	
THE MESSIAH	152	CHRIST COMING AGAIN IN TRIUMPH	102
MATTHEW PRIOR.		OF HEAVEN	103
LIFE EXAMINED	186	A PRAYER FOR CHARITY	104
THE PRAYER OF SOLOMON AND THE ANSWER	138	FAITHFUL TEATE.	
ADELAIDE PROCTER.		HOPE	131
ONE BY ONE	307	ALFRED TENNYSON.	
NOW	308	THE DEAD MAN OF BETHANY	303
FRIEND SORROW	309	MARY AT THE TABLE	305
EVENING HYMN	310	THE HEART'S WITNESS TO GOD	306
FRANCIS QUARLES.		JAMES THOMSON.	
THE ONLY ONE	70	A HYMN	162
THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE	73	MARY TIGHE.	
GOD HIDING HIS FACE	74	THE LILY	260
THE DAYS ARE FEW	76	FROM TOTTLE'S MISCELLANY.	
FLIGHT OF A SINNER	78	THE MEAN ESTATE THE HAPPIEST	17
WALTER RALEIGH.		RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.	
THE LIE	4	COUPLETS	342
AN ASPIRATION	5	THE BANQUET	343
GEORGE SANDYS.		THE LENT JEWELS	346
A MEMORIAL OF MERCIES PAST	46	PRAYER	347
WILLIAM SHAKESPERE.		THOMAS TUSSER.	
THE DIRGE OF THE FAMOUS	26	TIME AND THE YEAR	1
WOLSEY'S WARNING	28	POESIES FOR THINE OWN BED-CHAMBER	2
JAMES SHIRLEY.		UNCERTAIN.	
THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE	93	PORTRAIT OF PHILIP SIDNEY	38
CAROLINE SOUTHEY.		UNKNOWN.	
THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE	286	THE BURIAL OF MOSES	326
ROBERT SOUTHEY.		HENRY VAUGHAN.	
HYMN TO THE PENATES	238	THE RING	105
EDMUND SPENSER.		BLESSED BE THY WILL	108
HEAVENLY LOVE	8	THE DEPARTED	109
JOSHUA SYLVESTER.		THE BIRD	111
FRAMES OF COUNTRY LIFE	19	SIDNEY WALKER.	
		REST	269

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
EDMUND WALLER.		ARIS WILLMOTT.	
DIVINE LOVE	96	A BALLAD WITH A MORAL	381
THOMAS WARTON.		SATURDAY EVENING	38
INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE	191	THE LAST OF SEVEN	383
WRITTEN IN DUGDALE'S MONASTICON	193	THE GOLDEN BOUGH	384
ISAAC WATTS.		A CHILD IN PRAYER	386
THE PROMISED LAND	146	JOHN WILSON.	
WESLEY.		THE CHURCHYARD OF THE VILLAGE	266
A COVERT FROM THE STORM	186	ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.	
KIRKE WHITE.		THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN	141
DISAPPOINTMENT	220	GEORGE WITHER.	
TO THE HERB ROSEMARY	222	LIFE'S JOURNEY	60
JOHN G. WHITTIER.		THE LIGHT OF VIRTUE	62
CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK	371	IN PRISON!	63
MY PSALM	375	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.	
HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.		PLACES OF WORSHIP	235
HABITUAL DEVOTION	264	CATECHISING	236
ISAAC WILLIAMS.		NEW CHURCHYARD	237
THE WAY TO THE CHAPTER-HOUSE	297	OLD ABBEYS	237
AUTUMNAL SEED-VESSELS	300	SIR HENRY WOTTON.	
THE ANGEL OF MARRIAGE	300	A HYMN TO MY GOD	22
		ON THE SUDDEN FALL OF A GREAT MAN	23
		EDWARD YOUNG.	
		TIME COMING AND GONE	148
		GOD'S ARGUMENT WITH JOB	149

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS,
ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—THE LENT JEWELS	<i>W. Holman Hunt</i>	
TIME AND THE YEAR	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	1
A QUIET MIND	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	6
THE MEAN ESTATE THE HAPPIEST	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	17
PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE	<i>Harrison Weir</i>	18
A HYMN TO MY GOD	<i>C. Keene</i>	22
THE DIRGE OF THE FAMOUS	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	26
VANITY OF LEARNING	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	30
SEARCH AFTER GOD:—		
From the towering eagle to the wren	<i>J. Wolf</i>	35
A DREAM	<i>H. H. Armstead</i>	40
DECAY OF EARTHLY POMF:—		
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds;		
And loving pelican in safety breeds;	<i>J. Wolf</i>	53
LIFE'S JOURNEY	<i>Frederick Sandys</i>	60
IN PRISON	<i>H. H. Armstead</i>	63
THE ONLY ONE—The Earth	<i>Harrison Weir</i>	78
„ The Air	<i>Harrison Weir</i>	79
„ The Sea	<i>Harrison Weir</i>	79
EMPLOYMENT	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	81
THE PILGRIMAGE	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	86
THE QUIP	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	91

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
THE EXALTING OF THE HUMBLE	<i>W. P. Burton</i>	98
THE RING :—		
The fearful miser on a heap of rust		
Sate pining all his life there,	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	105
THE BIRD :—		
Chirping their solemn matins on each tree ; . .	<i>J. Wolf</i>	111
THE GARDEN :—		
The birds that dance from bough to bough . .	<i>J. Wolf</i>	119
CONTENTMENT	<i>C. Keene</i>	133
THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	141
THE WATCHING OF PROVIDENCE	<i>G. H. Andrews</i>	143
GOD'S ARGUMENT WITH JOB :—		
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood	<i>J. Wolf</i>	149
THE OLD CHURCH IN A STORM	<i>S. Read</i>	158
A HYMN.—Spring	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	162
„ Summer	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	162
„ Autumn	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	163
„ Winter	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	163
A HYMN :—		
The thunder rolls ; . . .		
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn .	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	165
A HYMN.—Tailpiece	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	167
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD :—		
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	173
Or drowy Tinklings lull the distant Folds . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	174
Or climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	175
Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	176
How jocund did they drive their Team afield ! .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	177
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	178
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	179
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride . . .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	180
Muttering his wayward Fancies, would he rove .	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	182
The Epitaph—Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	183

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	191
ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING	<i>J. Sliegh</i>	194
ODE WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY		
IN AUTUMN	<i>J. Sliegh</i>	196
THE TWO WEAVERS	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	199
THE NURSING FRIEND	<i>Frederick Walker</i>	206
SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	213
AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	217
SUNDAY IN THE FIELDS	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	223
DAWN OF HOPE AND PEACE ON THE DARK SOUL	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	225
PLACES OF WORSHIP	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	235
THOU ART, O GOD:—		
When Day, with farewell beam	<i>S. Read</i>	243
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB	<i>P. R. Pickersgill, R.A.</i>	251
MOONLIGHT	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	257
A LAMENT	<i>Frederick Walker</i>	262
THE CHURCHYARD OF THE VILLAGE	<i>W. P. Burton</i>	266
A FATHER READING THE BIBLE	<i>H. S. Marks</i>	275
EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	277
TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	280
THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE	<i>J. Gilbert</i>	286
BEREAVEMENT	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	291
CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	294
THE WAY TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE	<i>W. P. Burton</i>	297
THE DEAD MAN OF BETHANY	<i>H. H. Armstead</i>	303
EVENING HYMN	<i>H. H. Armstead</i>	310
A MOTHER'S GRIEF	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	312
A TRUANT HOUR	<i>J. Wolf</i>	318
THE LITTLE MOURNER	<i>Frederick Sandys</i>	321
LAST WORDS	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	323
WISDOM UNAPPELLED:—		
And screamed the thunder back aloud,		
And faced the lightning from the cloud	<i>J. Wolf</i>	329

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	DRAWN BY	PAGE
THE WEAKEST THING :—		
The cloud, a little wind can move		
Where'er it listeth	<i>W. P. Burton</i>	332
A FATHER'S LAMENT	<i>F. Smallfield</i>	338
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS	<i>W. P. Burton</i>	358
TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK :—		
Summer blooms with glorious promise . . .	<i>J. Stiegh</i>	368
THE AUTUMN EVENING	<i>W. P. Burton</i>	376
THE LAST OF SEVEN	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	383
A CHILD IN PRAYER	<i>Frederick Walker</i>	386



TIME AND THE YEAR.

O God, to Thy doings, a time there is sent,
Which endeth with time that in doing is spent :
For time is itself, but a time for a time,
Forgotten full soon, as the tune of a chime.

TIME AND THE YEAR.

In Spring-time we rear, we do sow, and we plant ;
In Summer get victuals, lest after we want ;
In Harvest we carry in corn, and the fruit,
In Winter to spend, as we need of each suit.

The year I compare, as I find for a truth,
The Spring unto Childhood, the Summer to Youth,
The Harvest to Manhood, the Winter to Age,
All quickly forgot, as a play on a stage.

Time past is forgotten, ere men be aware ;
Time present is thought on, with wonderful care ;
Time coming is feared, and therefore we save,
Yet oft ere it come we be gone to the grave.

The lands and the riches that here we possess,
Be none of our own, if a God we profess ;
But lent us of Him, as His talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it withhold ?

Thomas Tusser.

POSIES FOR THINE OWN BED-CHAMBER.

WHAT wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send ?
What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God to lend ?

What better fare, than well content, agreeing with thy wealth,
What better guest than trusty friend in sickness and in health ?

What better bed than Conscience good, to pass the night with sleep,
What better work, than daily care, from sin thyself to keep ?

What better thought than think on God, and daily Him to serve,
What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to sterve ?

What greater praise of God and man, than mercy for to shew,
Who merciless shall mercy find, that mercy shews to few ?

What worse despair, than loth to die, for fear to go to hell ?
What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in heaven to dwell ?

Same.

REMEMBER.

To die, dame Nature did man frame ;
Death is a thing most perfect sure :
We ought not Nature's works to blame ;
She made no thing still to endure.
That law she made when we were born,
That hence we should return again :
To render right we must not scorn ;
Death is due debt ; it is no pain.

Death hath in all the earth a right ;
His power is great, it stretcheth far ;
No lord, no prince, can 'scape his might ;
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor,—who can deny ?—
Have yielded all unto his dart.

Seeing no man then can Death 'scape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain,
We ought not fear his carrion shape :
He only brings ill men to pain.
If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery ;
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here, .
Let him think on his dying day ;
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
Let him account he must away.
This thought makes man to God a friend ;
This thought doth banish pride and sin ;
This thought doth bring a man in th' end
Where he of Death the field shall win.

Thomas Marshall.

THE LIE.

Go, soul, the body's guest, upon a thankless arrant ;
Fear not to touch the best;—the truth shall be thy warrant ;
Go, since thou needs must die, and give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows and shines like rotten wood ;
Say to the Church, it shows what's good, and doth no good ;
If Church and Court reply, then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live acting by others' action ;
Not loved, unless they give : not strong, but by a faction ;
If Potentates reply, give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition, that manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition ; their practice only hate ;
And if they once reply, then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most, they beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost, seek nothing but commending ;
And if they make reply, then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it wants devotion ; tell Love it is but lust ;
Tell Time it is but motion ; tell Flesh it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply, for thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth ; tell Honour how it alters ;
Tell Beauty how she blasteth ; tell Favour how it falters ;
And as they shall reply, give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles in tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles herself in over-wiseness ;
And when they do reply, straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physick of her boldness ; tell Skill it is pretension ;
Tell Charity of coldness ; tell Law it is contention ;
And as they do reply, so give them still the lie.

THE LIE.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ; tell Nature of decay :
Tell Friendship of unkindness ; tell Justice of delay :
And if they will reply, then give them all the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the City ; tell how the Country erreth ;
Tell Manhood shakes off pity ; tell Virtue least preferreth ;
And if they do reply, spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lie deserves no less than stabbing,—
Stab at thee he that will, no stab the soul can kill.

Walter Raleigh.

AN ASPIRATION.

Rise, O my Soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
And with divinest contemplations use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse ;
But down in darkness let them lie ;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die !

And thou, my Soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy Cross, whence thy Salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die !
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu ! I direct my eyes,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees ;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice ;
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees ;
To Thee myself,—myself and all I give ;
To Thee I die ; to Thee I only live !

Raleigh.



A QUIET MIND.

WHEN all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet Mind :

A QUIET MIND.

And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps,
Is casual every hour :
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
Whenas the Mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the Mind alone ;
For many have been harm'd by speech,
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave ;
But virtues of the Mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life,
To deem in thinking spent.

The Paradise of Dainty Devices.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

BEFORE this World's great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their hours by space,
That high Eternal Power, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in itself by love.

It lov'd itself, because itself was fair ;
(For fair is love ;) and of itself begot
Like to itself His eldest Son and Heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
The firstling of His joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom He therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With Him He reigned before all time prescribed,
In endless glory and immortal might
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most Almighty Spright !
Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
With equal words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of Thy celestial dew,
That may my rhymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equal unto my thought
To tell the marvels by Thy mercy wrought.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

Yet being pregnant still with powerful grace,
And full of fruitful love, that loves to get
Things like Himself, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of power so great,
Yet full of beauty, next He did beget,
An infinite increase of Angels bright
All glistening glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heavens' illimitable night
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve Him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of His.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About Him wait, and on His will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or on His own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of His light,
And carol hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one ;
For He His beams doth unto them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never none ;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliss, an end,
But there their termless time in pleasure spend ;
Nor ever should their happiness decay,
Had they not dared their Lord to disobey.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission ;
The brightest Angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of His consuming ire
And with His only breath them blew away
From heaven's height, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next offspring of the Maker's love,
Next to Himself in glorious degree,
Degenerating to hate, fell from above
Through pride (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sin to all ensample be :
How then can sinful flesh itself assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure ?

But that Eternal Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In His wide palace, through those angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknown colony therein,
Whose root from earth's base groundwork should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and, by His might,
According to a heavenly pattern wrought,
Which He had fashion'd in His wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living spright
Into his face, most beautiful and fair,
Endued with wisdom's riches, heavenly rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himself, as mortal thing immortal could :
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of His own like mould,
In whom He might His mighty self behold ;
For love doth love the thing beloved to see,
That like itself in lovely shape may be.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace
No less than angels, whom he did ensue,¹
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly place
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
And all his offspring into thralldom threw
Where they for ever should in bonds remain,
Of never dead yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of mere love and after likèd well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despairèd hell,
Him, wretch, in dole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss
In which He reignèd with His glorious Sire
He down descendèd, like a most demisse
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire
That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfied ;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
But only man himself, whose self did slide :
So taking flesh of sacred Virgin's womb,
For man's dear sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with despightful shame
Reviling Him, that them most vile became,
At length Him nailèd on a gallow-tree,
And slew the just by most unjust decree.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flower of Grace!
O glorious Morning Star! O Lamp of Light!
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,²
How can we Thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that Thy most precious blood?

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us for guerdon of Thy pain;
Ay me! What can us less than that belove?
Had He required life of us again,
Had it been wrong to ask His own with gain?
He gave us life, He it restored lost,
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was bann'd;³
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As He Himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to His image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we farèd had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even He Himself, in His dear Sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren that were made
Of that self mould, and that self Maker's hand,
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price redeemed,
That we, however of us light esteemed.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for His sake,
Even for His sake, and for His sacred word
Which in His last behest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy He by His most holy reed⁴
Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Ensampled it by His most righteous deed,
Showing us mercy (miserable crew !)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much Himself that lovèd us we love.

Then rouse thyself, O earth ! out of thy soil
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swine,
And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moil,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine ;
Lift up to Him thy heavy-clouded eyne
That thou this sovereign bounty maist behold,
And read through love His mercies manifold.

Begin from first where He encradled was
On simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toilful ox and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaulty ways,
His canker'd foes, His fights, His toils, His strife,
His pains, His poverty, His sharp assays,
Through which He passed His miserable days,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and small.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

And look, at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused ;
How with most scornful taunts and fell despights
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abus'd ;
How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruis'd.
And lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucified,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and side!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empiercèd be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force ;
And let thy soul, whose sins His sorrows wrought
Melt into tears, and groan in grievèd thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy soften'd spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbl'd with meek zeal
Through meditation of His endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to His sovereign mercy do appeal ;
Learn Him to love that lovèd thee so dear,
And in thy breast His blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must Him love, and His behests embrace ;
All other loves with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possést,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of His dear Self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

Thenceforth all World's desire will in thee die,
And all Earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and luminizing the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspirèd be
With heavenly thoughts, far above human skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
The idea of His pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirit shall fill
With sweet enagement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

Edmund Spenser.

A CAUTION.

WHY fearest thou thy outward foe,
When thou thyself thy harm dost feed ?
Of grief, or hurt, or pain, or woe,
Within each thing is sown the seed.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm ;
E'en so, a mind in envy roll'd
Always within itself doth burn.

Thus everything that Nature wrought
Within itself his hurt doth bear :
No outward harm need to be sought
Where enemies be within so near.

A SIGH.

WHERE all day long in helpless cares,
All hopeless of relief,
I wish for night, I might not see
The objects of my grief.

And when night comes, woes keep my wits
In such a waking vein,
That I could wish, though to my grief,
That it were day again.

My sun is turn'd into a shade,
Or else mine eyes are blind,
That Sorrow's cloud makes all seem dark
That comes into my mind ;

My youth to age ; or else because
My comforts are so cold,
My sorrow makes me in conceit
To be decrepit, old,—

My hopes to fears ; or else because
My fortunes are forlorn,
My fancy makes me make myself
Unto myself a scorn.

Nicholas Breton.



THE MEAN ESTATE THE HAPPIEST.

If right be ract and overrun,
And power take part with open wrong,
If fear by force do yield too soon,
The lack is like to last too long.

If God for good shall be unplaced,
If right for riches lose his shape,
If world for wisdom be embraced,
The guess is great much hurt mayhap.

THE MEAN ESTATE THE HAPPIEST.

Among good things I prove and find
The quiet life doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mind
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content,
Rule is enemy to quietness,
Power is most impatient,
And seldom likes to live in peace.

I heard a herdsman once compare
That quiet nights he had more slept,
And had more merry days to spare,
Than he who owned the beast he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The dolphin swim I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learn the falcon fly,
I row not so far past my reach.

But as my part above the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will,
So till my breath do fail my breast,
I will not cease to wish you still.

From Tottle's Miscellany.



PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

O how I grieve, dear Earth ! that, given to gays,
Most of our wits condemn thee now-a-days ;
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
The study of herbs, and Country-life's delight !—

PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
Of city-troubles, and of state affairs ;—
And serving Ceres, tills with his own team,
His own free land, left by his friends to him !

Never fell Envy's poisonous heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart ! nor vulture Avarice ;
His field's bounds bound his thoughts ; he never sups
For nectar, poison mixt in silver cups :—

His hands his bowl, better than plate or glass,
The silver brook his sweetest hypocass.
Milk, cheese, and fruit, fruits of his own endeavour,
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.

No fained chiding, no soul-jarring noise
Break his cool brain, or interrupt his joys,
But cheerful birds, chirping him sweet good-morrows, .
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows :
Teaching the fragrant forests day by day,
The diapason of their heavenly lay,
And leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke ; no seas,
No other seas he knows, nor other torrent,
Than that which waters with his silver current
His native meadows ; and that very earth
Shall give him burial, which first gave him birth.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy-seed,
But on green carpets, thrumm'd with mossy beaver,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Drum, fife and trumpet, with their loud alarms
Make him not start out of his sleep to arms ;

PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

The crested cock sings his proud note to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime
To walk the mountains, or the flowery meads,
Impearl'd with tears that sweet Aurora sheds ;
And the open sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives ;
And Death, dread servant of the eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated lodge.

His wretched years in Princes' courts he spends not,
His thrall'd mind on great men's wills depends not,
But all self-private, serving God, he writes
Fearless, and sings but what his heart indites.

Let me, good Lord ! among the Great unkenn'd,
My rest of days in the calm country end ;
My company, pure thoughts to work Thy will ;
My court, a cottage on a lowly hill.

Joshua Sylvester.



A HYMN TO MY GOD.

IN A NIGHT OF MY LATE SICKNESS.

OH Thou great Power ! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through Thy beams of Love,
Whilst on this Couch of Tears I lie ;
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By Thy Christ's blood, the Bath of Sin.

A HYMN TO MY GOD.

No hallow'd Oils, no grains I need,
No rags of Saints, no purging Fire,
One rosy drop from David's seed,
Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire,
O precious Ransom ! which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said ;

And said by Him that said no more,
But seal'd it with His Sacred Breath,—
Thou, then, that hast dispoing'd my score,
And dying wast the death of Death,
Be to me now, on Thee I call,
My LIFE, my STRENGTH, my JOY, my ALL !

Sir Henry Wotton.

ON THE SUDDEN FALL OF A GREAT MAN.

DAZZLED thus with height of place,
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt the Prison and a Smile.

Then, since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim, and not to wade ;
For the hearts of Kings are deep.

But if Greatness be so blind
As to trust in Towers of Air,
Let it be with Goodness lin'd,
That at least the Fall be fair.

Then, though dark'ned, you shall say,
When Friends fail, and Princes frown,
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a Bed of Down.

Wotton.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BUT let it now sufficient be, that I
The last scene of his act of life bewray,
Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
The work ; for 'tis the evening crowns the day.
This action of our death especially
Shows all a man. Here only is he found.
With what munition he did fortify
His heart ; how good his furniture hath been.
And this did he perform in gallant wise :
In this did he confirm his worthiness.
For on the morrow, after the surprise
That sickness made on him with fierce access,
He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be,)
“How that he knew these hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were over-tumbl'd suddenly ;
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t' his affairs as speedily
As might be, ere his sickness should grow worse.
And as for death,” said he, “I do not wey ;
I am resolv'd and ready in this case.
It cannot come t' affright me any way ;
Let it look never with so grim a face :
And I will meet it smiling ; for I know
How vain a thing all this world's glory is.”
And herein did he keep his word : Did show
Indeed, as he had promisèd in this.
For sickness never heard him groan at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to show his pain ;

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Which, howsoever, being tyrannical,
He sweetly made it look ; and did retain
A lovely count'nance of his being well,
And so would ever make his tongue to tell.

Although the fervour of extremity,
Which often doth throw those defences down,
Which in our health wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more than we would have known ;
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one piece of Nature ill set in ;
Those lightnesses that anything will say,
Could say no ill of what they knew within.
Such a sure lock of silent modesty
Was set in life upon that noble heart,
As if no anguish nor extremity
Could open it, t' impair that worthy part ;
For having dedicated still the same
Unto devotion, and to sacred skill,
That furnish perfect held ; that blessed flame
Continued to the last in fervour still.
And when his spirit and tongue no longer could
Do any certain services beside,
Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
Upon the merits of the precious death
Of his Redeemer ; and with rapt desires
Th' appeals to grace, his soul delivereth
Into the hand of mercy, and expires.
Thus did that Worthy, who most virtuously,
Most mildly liv'd, most sweet and mildly die.

Samuel Daniel.



THE DIRGE OF THE FAMOUS.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

THE DIRGE OF THE FAMOUS.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The Sceptre, Learning, Physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have,
And renown'd be thy grave.

William Shakespere.

WOLSEY'S WARNING.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our tears : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,—
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself : cherish those hearts that wait thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And,—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's ; my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare.

THIRTEENTH PSALM.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget, and quite neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seek a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my griev'd mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?

How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries;
Mark my foe's unjust abusing;
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing.

Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite to number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into Death's eternal slumber.

These black clouds will over-blow;
Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dull'd heart, I know,
Into joy shall change his mourning.

Francis Davison.



VANITY OF LEARNING.

AND yet, alas ! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament ;

What can we learn, or what can we discern,
When error clouds the windows of the mind ?
The divers forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birthday blind ?

VANITY OF LEARNING.

When reason's lamp, which, like the sun in sky,
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead ;

How can we hope that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect those beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infused in the first minds by Grace ?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By careful earning of one groat a day
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such ;
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly ;
We learn so little, and forget so much.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do ;
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause o' th' ebbs and floods of Nile ;
But of that clock, which in our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold both poles ;
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls.

For this, few know themselves ; for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain ;
As seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

VANITY OF LEARNING.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire ;

As spiders touch'd seek their webs' inmost part ;
As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
Making us pry into ourselves so near,
Teach us to know ourselves beyond our books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
Reform'd my will, and rectified my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air ;
So working lees settle and purge the wine ;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair ;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Sir John Davies.

PRAAYER OF THE PSALMIST.

FRANKLY pour, O Lord, on me
Saving grace to set me free ;
That supported I may see
Promise truly kept by Thee.

That to them who me defame,
Roundly I may answer frame ;
Who, because Thy word and name
Are my trust, thus seek my shame.

Thy true word, O do not make
Utterly my mouth forsake ;
Since I thus still waiting wake,
When Thou wilt just vengeance take.

Then, lo, I Thy doctrine pure,
Sure I hold, will hold more sure ;
Nought from it shall me allure
All the time my time shall dure.

Then as brought to widest way
From restraint of straitest stay ;
All their thinking night and day
On Thy Law my thoughts shall lay.

Yea then unto any king
Witness will I anything,
That from Thee can witness bring ;
In my face no blush shall spring.

PRAYER OF THE PSALMIST.

Then will I set forth to sight
With what pleasure, what delight,
I embrace Thy precepts right,
Whereunto all love I plight.

Then will I, with either hand,
Clasp the rules of Thy command ;
There my study still shall stand,
Striving them to understand.

Countess of Pembroke.

If our God we had forsaken,
Or forgot what He assign'd,
If ourselves we had betaken
Gods to serve of other kind,
Should not He our doubling find,
Though conceal'd and closely lurking ?
Since His eye of deepest mind,
Deeper sinks than deepest working.

Same.



SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I SOUGHT Thee round about, O Thou my God,
In Thine Abode ;
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

"I am not." I enquired of creatures all,
In general,
Contain'd therein; they with one voice proclaim,
That none amongst them challeng'd such a name.

I asked the seas, and all the deeps below,
My God to know.
I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
In the abyss;
Even from the shrimp to the Leviathan,
Enquiry ran:
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, if that were He; but, lo!
It told me, "No!"
I, from the towering eagle to the wren,
Demanded then,
If any feather'd fowl 'mongst them were such;
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full quire,
Answered, "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the Heavens, sun, moon, and stars, but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seek'st." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear;
What in the world I might descry or know,
Above, below;
With a unanimous voice all these things said,
"We are not God; but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass
If that God was?
Which, with a mighty and strong voice, replied,
As stupefied,

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

"I am not He, O man ! for know that I,
By Him on high,
Was fashion'd first of nothing, thus instated,
And swayed by Him, by whom I was created."

I sought the Court ; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear ;
In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
Swearing, and lying ;
I' the country, craft in simpleness array'd :
And then I said,
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great—
Where my God is, there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I, then,
Even thus began ;
"O Man, what art thou ?" What more could I say,
Than dust and clay.
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last ;
Enthroned to-day, to morrow in an urn ;
Formed from that earth to which I must return.

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashion'd me ?
I answered—the all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense ;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
Lord over all :
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give,
To all that live,
Both breath and being : He is the Creator
Both of the water,

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist,
He hath the list ;
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
Thy glorious face,
(So far forth as it may discover'd be,)
Methinks I see ;
And though invisible and infinite,—
To human sight,
Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest ;
In which to our weak sense Thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind !
Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just !
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most Good, most Great !
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

Thomas Heywood.

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP SIDNEY.

You knew—who knew not, Astrophel?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still !)
Things known permit me to renew
Of him, you know his merit such,
I cannot say—you hear—too much.

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP SIDNEY.

Within these woods of Arcady
He chief delight and pleasure took ;
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him every day,
And taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,
His personage seem'd most divine ;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.
To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace ;
A full assurance given by looks ;
Continual comforts in a face ;
The lineaments of Gospel books :
I trow that count'nance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible to the eye.

Above all others this is he,
Which erst approv'd in his song,
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints, it is no sin, or blame,
To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before :
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poet's brain with finer store.
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And Beauty rear'd above her height.

Uncertain.

TRUE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE chief use then in man of that he knows,
Is his painstaking for the good of all,
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness, breath'd out from inward thrall ;
 " But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or bind,
 As need requires, this frail, fall'n humankind."

Yet some seek knowledge, merely to be known,
And idle curiosity that is ;
Some but to sell, not freely to bestow,
These gain and spend both time, and wealth amiss ;
Embasing hearts, by basely deeming so ;
 Some to build others, which is charity,
 But these to build themselves, who wise men be.

And to conclude, whether we would erect
Ourselves, or others, by this choice of arts,
Our chief endeavour must be to effect
A sound foundation, not on sandy parts
 Of light opinion, selfness, words of men,
 But that sure rock of truth, God's word, or pen.

Next, that we do not overbuild our states,
In searching secrets of the Deity,
Obscurities of nature, casualty of fates,
But measure first our own humanity,
Then on our gifts impose an equal rate,
And so seek wisdom with sobriety :
 " Not curious what our fellows ought to do,
 But what our own creation binds us to."

TRUE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Lastly, we must not to the world erect
Theatres, nor plant our paradise in dust,
Nor build up Babels for the devil's elect ;
Make temples of our hearts to God we must ;
And then, as Godless wisdoms follies be,
So are His heights our true philosophy.

With which fair cautions, man may well profess
To study God, whom he is born to serve ;
Nature, t' admire the greater in the less ;
Time, but to learn ; ourselves we may observe,
To humble us ; others, to exercise
Our love and patience, wherein duty lies.

Lastly, the truth and good to love, and do them,
The error, only to destroy, and shun it ;
Our hearts in general will lead us to them,
When gifts of grace, and faith, have once begun it :
"For without these, the mind, the mind of man grows numb,
The body darkness, to the soul a tomb."

Thus are true learnings in the humble heart
A spiritual work, raising God's image, razed
By our transgression ; a well-framed art,
At which the world and error stand amazed ;
A light divine, where man sees joy and smart
Immortal, in this mortal body blazed ;
A wisdom, which the wisdom us assureth,
With hers even to the sight of God endureth.

Lord Brooke.

REPENTANCE

At the round Earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From Death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow,
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste Death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space ;
For, if above all these, my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there ; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent ; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

DEATH.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me :
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell ;
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke ;—why swell'st thou then ?
Our short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne.

PICTURE OF A MIND.

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone ;
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone,
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse ;
But here I may no colours use ;
Beside, your hand will never fit
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit ;
But these are like a mind—not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a Heaven's intelligence ;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you, Muse, now make it true :
Henceforth may every line be you ;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine ;
And so disdaining any trier ;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

PICTURE OF A MIND.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all ; and makes a flight,
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air ;
And, though the sound had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness : there's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,
Up to her own sublimèd height ?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise, or palace, found ;
In all the bounds of beauty, fit
For her t' inhabit ? There is it.

Thrice happy house, thou hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling, like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil pour'd forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

PICTURE OF A MIND.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, wingèd as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by the wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou, entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

Ben Jonson.

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

THE stately Heavens which glory doth array,
Are mirrors of God's admirable might ;
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs the day,
He fixed the fountains of this temporal light,
Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some stray,
All sparks of His great power (though small yet bright) ;
But what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of His greatness shadows may perceive.

What glorious lights through crystal lanterns glance
(As always burning with their Maker's love),
Spheres keep one musick, they one measure dance,
Like influence below, like course above,
And all by order led, not drawn by chance,
With majesty (as still in triumph) move.
And (liberal of their store) seem shouting thus :
"Look up, all souls, and gaze on God through us !"

Same.

A MEMORIAL OF MERCIES PAST.

O THOU, who all things hast of nothing made,
Whose hand the radiant firmament display'd,
With such an undiscerned swiftness hurl'd
About the steadfast centre of the world ;
Against whose rapid course the restless sun,
And wandering flames in varied motions run ;
Which heat, light, life infuse ; time, night and day,
Distinguish ; in our human bodies sway :—
That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting air,
Vein'd with clear springs, which ambient seas repair ;
In clouds the mountains wrap their hoary heads ;
Luxurious valleys clothed with flow'ry meads :
Her trees yield fruit and shade ; with liberal breasts,
All creatures she (their common mother) feasts.
Then man Thy image mad'st ; in dignity,
In knowledge, and in beauty like to Thee ;
Placed in a heaven on earth ; without his toil
The ever-flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchased fruit produced ; all creatures were
His subjects, serving more from love than fear ;
He knew no lord but Thee. But when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebel,
And in his ruin exercise their might ;
Concurring elements against him fight ;
Troops of unknown diseases : sorrow, age,
And death assail him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her furies ; none so great,
As man to man ; ambition, pride, deceit,
Wrong arm'd with power, lust, rapine, slaughter reign'd ;
And flatter'd vice the name of virtue gain'd.

A MEMORIAL OF MERCIES PAST.

Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
And all the globe of earth was but one flood ;
Yet could not cleanse their guilt ; the following race
Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base,
Their God-like beauty lost ; sin's wretched thrall ;
No spark of their divine original,
Left unextinguished ; all enveloped
With darkness ; in their bold transgressions dead.
Then Thou didst from the East a light display,
Which rendered to the world a clearer day ;
Whose precepts from hell's jaws our steps withdraw
And whose example was a living law ;
Who purged us with His blood ; the way prepar'd
To heaven, and those long-chain'd doors unbarr'd.

How infinite Thy mercy ! which exceeds
The world Thou mad'st, as well as our misdeeds !
Which greater reverence than Thy justice wins,
And still augments Thy honour by our sins.

O who hath tasted of Thy clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I !
My grateful verse Thy goodness shall display,
O Thou, who went'st along in all my way !
To where the morning with perfum'd wings
From the high mountains of Panchæa springs,
To that new-found-out world, where sober night
Takes from th' antipodes her silent flight ;
To those dark seas, where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains ;
To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,
And where swoln Nilus cools the lion's rage.

Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld ;
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd :
There, where the Virgin's Son His doctrine taught,
His miracles, and our redemption wrought :

A MEMORIAL OF MERCIES PAST.

Where I by Thee inspired His praises sung ;
And on His sepulchre my offering hung.
Which way soe'er I turn my way, or feet ;
I see Thy glory and Thy mercy meet.

Met on the Thracian shores ; when in the strife
Of frantic Simoans Thou preserv'dst my life,
So when Arabian thieves belaid us round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.

Thou savedst me from the bloody massacres
Of faithless Indians ; from their treacherous wars ;
From raging fevers ; from the sultry breath
Of tainted air, which cloy'd the jaws of death.
Preserv'd from swallowing seas ; when towering waves
Mix'd with the clouds, and open'd their deep graves.
From barbarous pirates ransom'd ; by those taught
Successfully with Salian Moors we fought.

Thou brought'st me home in safety ; that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth ;
Blest with a healthful age ; a quiet mind,
Content with little ; to this work design'd ;
Which I at length have finish'd by Thy aid ;
And now my vows have at Thy altar paid.

George Sandys.



A DREAM.

LAID in my quiet bed to rest,
When sleep had all my senses drown'd,
Such dreams arose within my breast,
As did with fear my mind confound.

A DREAM.

Methought I wander'd in a wood,
Which was as dark as pit of hell ;
In midst of which such waters stood,
That where to pass I could not tell.

The Lion, Tiger, Wolf, and Bear
There thunder'd forth such hideous cries,
As made huge echoes in the air,
And seem'd almost to pierce the skies.

Long vex'd with care I there abode,
And to get forth I wanted power,
At every footstep that I trode,
I fear'd some beast would me devour.

Abiding thus, perplex'd with pain,
This case within myself I scann'd,
That human help was all in vain,
Unless the Lord with us do stand.

Then falling flat upon my face,
In humble sort to God I pray'd,
That, in this dark and doleful place,
He would vouchsafe to be mine aid.

Arising then, a wight with wings,
Of ancient years, methinks I see ;
A burning torch in hand he brings,
And thus began to speak to me.

"That God, whose aid thou didst implore,
Hath sent me hither for thy sake ;
Pluck up thy sprites, lament no more,
With me thou must thy journey take."

Against a huge and lofty hill,
With swiftest pace methinks we go,
When such a sound my ears did fill,
As moved my heart to bleed for woe.

A DREAM.

Methought I heard a doleful wight
In doleful sort pour forth great plaints,
Whose cries did so my mind affright,
That even with fear each member faints.

“Fie!” quoth my Guide, “what means this change!
Pass on apace with courage bold;
Hereby doth stand a prison strange,
Where wondrous things thou may’st behold.”

Then came we to a fort of brass,
Where, peering through strong iron grates,
We saw a woman sit, alas!
Which ruefully bewail’d her fates.

Her face was far more white than snow,
And on her head a crown she ware,
Beset with stones that glisten’d so
A thousand torches had been there.

Her song was—“Woe! and well away!
What torments here I do sustain!”
A new mishap did her dismay,
Which more and more increased her pain.

An ugly creature, all in black,
Ran to her seat, and flung her down,
Who rent her garments from her back,
And spoil’d her of her precious crown.

This crown he placed upon his head,
And leaving her in doleful case,
With swiftest pace away he fled,
And darkness came in all the place.

Then quoth my Guide, “Note well my talk;
And thou shalt hear this dream declared:
The wood, in which thou first didst walk,
Unto the world may be compared.

A DREAM.

“The roaring beasts plainly express
The sundry snares in which we fall :
This Gaol is namèd Deep-Distress,
In which Dame Virtue lies in thrall.

“She is the wight, which here within
So dolefully doth howl and cry ;
The foe is callèd Deadly-Sin,
That proffer’d her this villainy.

“My name is Time, whom God hath sent
To warn thee of thy Soul’s decay ;
In Time therefore thy sins repent,
Lest Time from Thee be ta’en away.”

As soon as he these words had said,
With swiftest pace away he flies ;
And I thereat was so afraid,
That downy sleep forsook mine eyes.

Humphrey Gifford.

THE WORLD : A BOOK TO BE READ.

OF this fair volume which we World do call,
If we the sheets and leaves would turn with care
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare ;
Find out His power which wildest arts doth tame,
His providence extending every where,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same :
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas’d with coloured vellum, leaves of gold ;
Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
Of the great Writer’s sense ne’er taking hold :
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

William Drummond.



DECAY OF EARTHLY POMF.

THE rising morn lifts up his orient head,
And spangled heav'ns in golden robes invests ;
Thirsil upstarting from his fearless bed,
Where useless night he safe and quiet rests,
Unhous'd his bleating flock, and quickly thence
Hasting to his expecting audience,
Thus with sad verse began their griev'd minds to incense.

“Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;

DECAY OF EARTHLY POMP.

Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due ;
Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

"Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss against heav'n's face repining ?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining :
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds ;
And loving pelican in safety breeds ;
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes.

"Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the East once grasp'd in lordly paw ?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw ?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Thro' all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

"Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find ;
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind :
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

"That monstrous beast which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray ;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay ;
His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands ;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

DECAY OF EARTHLY POMP.

“And that black Vulture,⁵ which with dreadful wing
O’ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten’d the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight :
Who then shall look for happiness beneath ?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death ;
And life itself’s as fleet, as is the air we breathe.”

Phineas Fletcher.

HOME OF THE BLESSED.

So Him they led into the Courts of Day,
Where never war nor wounds abide Him more ;
But in that House eternal Peace doth play,
Acquiating the souls that, new before,
Their way to Heaven through their own blood did score,
But now, estrangèd from all misery,
As far as heaven and earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

Gaze but upon the house where man embowers ;
With flowers and rushes paved is his way,
Where all the creatures are his servitors ;
The winds do sweep his chambers every day ;
And clouds do wash his rooms ; the ceiling gay,
Starrèd aloft, the gilded knobs embrace,—
If such a house God to another gave,
How shine those glittering Courts He for Himself will have ?

HOME OF THE BLESSED.

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the sun may seem embodied,
Depur'd of all his dross, we see no white,
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with iv'ry edges silvered,
What lustre super-excellent will He
Lighten on those that shall His sunshine see,
In that all-glorious Court, in which all glories be !

If but one Sun, with his diffusive fire,
Can paint the stars and the whole world with light,
And joy and life into each heart inspire,
And every saint shall shine in heaven as bright,
As doth the sun in his transcendent might,
(As faith may well believe what truth once says)
What shall so many suns' united rays
But dazzle all the eyes that now in Heav'n we praise !

Here let my Lord hang up His conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And, looking down on His weak militants,
Behold His Saints amidst their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon His arm,
And in this lower field displacing wide,
Through windy thoughts that would their sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in His wounded side.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous ;
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

HOME OF THE BLESSED.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat ;
But one eternal day, and endless light
Gives time to those whose time is infinite—
 Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
 Beholding Him whom never eye could see,
And magnifying Him that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak ?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this ?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of Beauty kiss,
Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss ;
 And drunk with nectar-torrents, ever hold
 Their eyes on Him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
 No fear of death the joy of life devours,
 No unchaste sleep their precious time deflow'rs,
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their wingèd hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain ;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain ;
 Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,
 And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

HOME OF THE BLESSED.

About the holy City rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood ;
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass ;
 Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
 And little pearls for dust it seem'd to have,
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

In midst of this City celestial,
Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,
Lighten'd the Idea Beatifical—
End and beginning of each thing that grows ;
Whose Self no end nor yet beginning knows,
 That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear,
 Yet sees and hears, and is all eye, all ear ;
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is everywhere :

Changer of all things, yet immutable ;
Before and after all, the first and last ;
That, moving all, is yet immoveable ;
Great without quantity ; in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past ;
 Swift without motion ; to whose open eye
 The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie ;
At once absent and present to them, far and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light ;
No sweet consent, or well-tim'd harmony ;
Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odour, mixt with spicery ;
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily ;
 And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
 A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

HOME OF THE BLESSED.

A heavenly feast, no hunger can consume ;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace :
 Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
 The saints, with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains,
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains,
Among those white flocks, and celestial trains,
 That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
 Their heavenly music of so wondrous fame ;
Psalming aloud the holy honours of His Name.

Giles Fletcher.



LIFE'S JOURNEY.

YET I confess, in this my pilgrimage,
I, like some infant am, of tender age,

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

For as the child who from his father hath
Stray'd in some grove thro' many a crooked path,
Is sometimes hopeful that he finds the way,
And sometimes doubtful he runs more astray ;
Sometime with fair and easy paths doth meet,
Sometime with rougher tracts that stay his feet ;
Here goes, there runs, and yon amazed stays ;
Then cries, and straight forgets his care, and plays ;
Then, hearing where his loving father calls,
Makes haste, but, through a zeal ill-guided, falls ;
Or runs some other way, until that he
(Whose love is more than his endeavours be),
To seek the wanderer, forth himself doth come,
And take him in his arms, and bear him home.
So in this life, this grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward I myself advance,
Sometimes aright, and sometimes wrong I go,
Sometimes my pace is speedy, sometimes slow ;
One while my ways are pleasant unto me,
Another while as full of cares they be.
I doubt and hope, and doubt and hope again,
And many a change of passion I sustain
In this my journey, so that now and then
I lost, perhaps, may seem to other men.
Yea, to myself awhile, when sins impure
Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure ;
But, whatso'er betide, I know full well
My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
An eye upon his wandering child doth cast,
And He will fetch me to my home at last.

George Wither.

THE LIGHT OF VIRTUE.

THUS fares the man whom Virtue, beacon-like,
Hath fixed upon the hills of Eminence ;
At him the tempests of mad Envy strike,
And rage against his piles of Innocence ;
But still the more they wrong him, so the more
They seek to keep his worth from being known,
They daily make it greater than before,
And cause his fame the further to be blown.
When, therefore, no self-doting arrogance,
But virtues covered with a modest veil,
Break thro' obscurity, and then advance,
To place where Envy shall thy worth assail,
Discourage not thyself, but stand the shocks,
Of Wrath and Fury. Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venom'd engines of despite ;
Thou art above their malice, and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendours to their shame appear.

Wither.



IN PRISON !

FIRST think, my soul, if I have foes,
That take a pleasure in my care,

IN PRISON !

And to procure these outward woes
Have thus enwrapt me unaware ;
Thou should'st by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

By my late hopes that are now crost,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost
A means that may remember thee,
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What horrid state had'st thou been in !

Or when through me thou se'st a man
Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing, with fear, his panting breath :
Think if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will "Go ye cursed" be !

These iron chains, these bolts of steel,
Which often poor offenders grind ;
The wants and cares which they do feel
May bring some greater things to mind ;
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of Hell.

Again, when he that fear'd to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought :
Then think between thy heart and thee,
How glad will "Come ye blessed" be !

Wither.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint ;
And, for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee : thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind, for thee, lov'd clay,
I languish out, not live the day,—
Thou hast benighted me ; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hast thy noon-tide past),
And I remember must, in tears,
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run ;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fall'n and gone,—
I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime,

THE REMEMBRANCE.

Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then ;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return—

But woe is me ! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes : never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine.

—Then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime, thou hast her, Earth.
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep—
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday-book
Each parcel of this rarity
Which in thy casket shrin'd doth lie ;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument ;
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted !
My last good-night ! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall over-take ;

THE REMEMBRANCE.

Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves ; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there ; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morning I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breath'd his drowsy gale.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow, howe'er, my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort : Dear, (forgive
The crime) I am content to live,
Divided with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Henry King.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

When the priest his last has pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

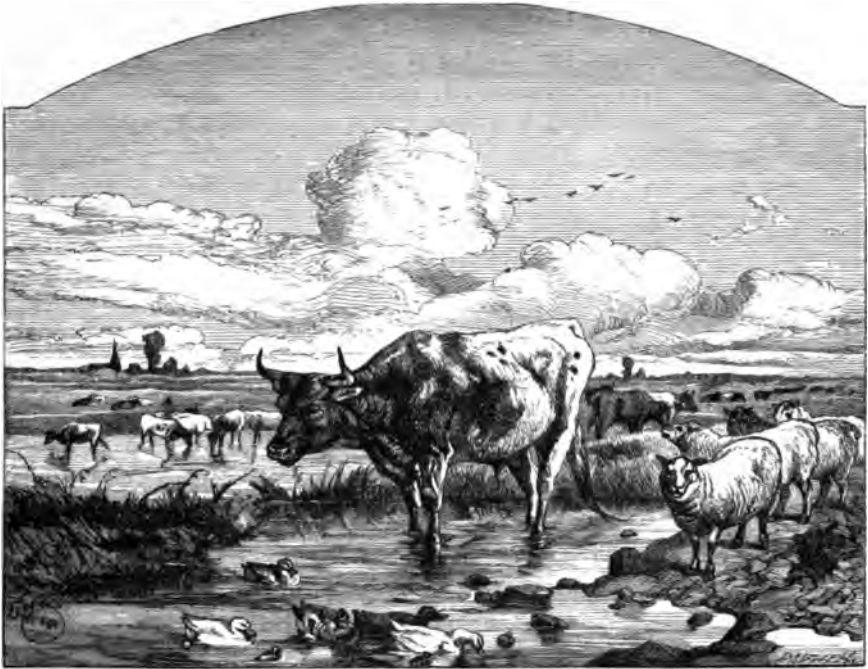
When, God knows, I'm tost about,
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

Robert Herrick.



THE ONLY ONE.

PSALM LXXIII. 25.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the Earth,
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse ; she gives me food ;
 But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with Thee ?
 Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me ?

I love the Air ; her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,
 And with their merry-sounding notes delight me ;
 But what's the Air, or all the sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to Thee ?



I love the Sea, she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;



THE ONLY ONE.

But, Lord of Ocean, when compar'd with Thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth, to me?

To Heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangl'd suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heav'n, great God, compar'd to Thee?
Without Thy presence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

Without Thy presence Earth gives no refection;
Without Thy presence Sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence Air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence Heav'n itself's no pleasure;
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in Thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire:
The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compar'd to Thee.

Without Thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compar'd with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of Heav'n, Heav'n unpossess'd of Thee.

Francis Quarles.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride ;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where ;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night :
She bows to honour ; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure ;
Now flatter'd with false hope ; now foil'd with fear.
Thus, finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, great God, she points alone to Thee.

But hath the virtued steel a power to move ?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright ?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of Thy spright ?
Or hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire ?
Not first belov'd, have I the power to love ?
I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return Thee love, until Thou love me.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

Eternal God! O Thou that only art
The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part!
O Thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above Thee;
And then my soul shall know Thee; knowing, love Thee
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
From Thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in Thee.

Quarles.

GOD HIDING HIS FACE.

Wherefore hidest Thou Thy face, and holdest me for Thine enemy?
JOB xiii. 24.

WHY dost Thou shade Thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of Thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains to me?
Thou art my Life, my Way, my Light; in Thee
I live, and move, and by Thy beams I see.

Thou art my Life; if Thou dost turn away,
My Life's a thousand deaths; Thou art my Way;
Without Thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My Light Thou art; without Thy glorious light,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night;
My God, Thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Thou art my Way, I wander, if Thou fly;
Thou art my Light, if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my Life, if Thou withdraw, I die.

GOD HIDING HIS FACE.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see ;
To whom, or whither, should my darkness flee
But to the Light ? and who's that Light but Thee ?

My path is lost, my wand'ring steps do stray ;
I cannot safely go, or safely stay ;
Whom should I seek but Thee, my Path, my Way ?

O, I am dead ; to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair ? To whom shall my sad ashes fly
But Life ? and where is Life but in Thine eye ?

And yet Thou turn'st away Thy face, and fly'st me ;
And yet I sue for grace, and Thou deny'st me :
Speak, art Thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me ?

Death-conquered Lazarus was redeem'd by Thee,
If I am dead, Lord, set Death's pris'ner free.
Am I more spent, or moulder'd worse than he ?

If my puff'd Life be out, give leave to tine⁶
My flameless snuff at that bright lamp of Thine,
O what's Thy lamp the less for lighting mine ?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?
Lord, shall a Lamb of Ismel's sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the pilgrim's Path ; the blind man's Eye ;
The dead man's Life ; on Thee my hopes rely ;
If Thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose Thy sunbeams, close Thy wings, and stay ;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray ;
O Thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way.

Quarles.

THE DAYS ARE FEW.

Are not my days few? Cease, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little.
JOB x. 20.

My glass is half unspent; forbear t' arrest
My thoughtless day too soon: my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without Thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st Thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my wingèd hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

No, no; 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth: I beg but hours, not years,
And what Thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led;
That seed has not yet broke my serpent's head;
Or shall I die before my sins are dead?

THE DAYS ARE FEW.

Behold these rags ; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of Thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungi't, unblest ?

First let the Jordan streams (that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented ;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented ;
O spare till then : and then I die contented.

And what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepid age.

And what's a life ? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day ; hour eats up hour ;
Alas ! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold those lilies (which Thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view), how soon they droop, how soon they fade !

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon :
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !

Nor do beg I this slender inch, to while
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; here's nothing worth a smile.

Quarles.

FLIGHT OF A SINNER

O WHITHER shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd, or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? if she spring away,
The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.

What, if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-eyed Fury means to smite, can save.

The sea will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave, the frightened shadow flit;
When Justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.

No, no; if stern-brow'd Vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

FLIGHT OF A SINNER.

'Tis vain to flee! 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that Hand, until that Hand forbear;
Ah me! where is He not, that's everywhere?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show
Her better eye; the further off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls:
Poor cots are even as safe as princes' halls.

Great God, there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, though Thou seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by Thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my Conscience, and Thy Hand.

I know Thy Justice is Thyself; I know,
Just God, Thy very self is mercy too;
If not to Thee, where,—whither,—should I go?

Then work Thy will—if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from Thee to Thee.

Quarles.

L I F E.

I MADE a posy while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away
 And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition,
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
 Yet sug'ring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures ;
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

Herbert.



EMPLOYMENT.

IF as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frosts' extremity
Nipt in the bud ;

EMPLOYMENT.

The sweetness and the praise were Thine ;
But the extension and the room,
Which in Thy garland I should fill, were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with Thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to Thy praise
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend
But with delays.

All things are busy : only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed ;
Lord, place me in Thy comfort ; give one strain
To my poor reed.

Herbert.

THE PEARL.

MATT. XIII

I know the ways of learning ; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run ;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, and like a good huswife, spun
In laws and policy ; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history :
All these stand open, or I have the keys :
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit :
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes :
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes :
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it ;
The propositions of hot blood and brains ;
What mirth and musick mean ; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more :
I know the projects of unbridled store :
My stuff is flesh, not brass ; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
Yet I love thee.

THE PEARL.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
Therefore not seal'd, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love ;
With all the circumstances that may move ;
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

Herbert.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No ;
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat :
I will search out the matter,
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I into a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial : Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell ;
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

PEACE.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man :
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began :
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes ;
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth ;
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein :
A secret virtue, bringing Peace and Mirth,
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make bread of it : and that repose,
And Peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

Herbert.



THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

And so I came to phansie's meadow strow'd
 With many a flower :
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to cares' copse I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wild of passion ; which
 Some call the wold ;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
 Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart ; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King ;
Can both the way and end be tears ?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
 I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further ; so I flung away,
 Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, None goes that way
And lives : If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair.

Herbert.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under-ground: as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell,
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither.
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

THE FLOWER.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Herbert.

G R A C E.

My flock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve ;
O let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives : O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall ;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove ?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove :
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness, void of love :
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come ! for Thou dost know the way,
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say—
Drop from above.

Herbert.



THE QUIP.

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at me.

THE QUIP.

First, Beautie crept into a rose ;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those ?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man ? said he :
I heard in musick you had skill ;
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he !
He scarce allow'd me half an eye ;
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration ;
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come ;
Speak not at large, say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

Herbert.

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.

A HERMIT IN AN ARBOUR.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles !
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles !
Fame's but a hollow echo ; Gold, pure clay ;
Honour, the darling but of one short day ;
Beauty (th' eyes' idol) but a damask'd skin ;
State, but a golden prison, to live in
And torture free-born minds ; imbroydered Trains,
Merely but pageants for proud-swelling veins ;
And Blood, allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own ;
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood, and Birth,
Are but the fading Blossoms of the earth.

I would be great,—but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill ;
I would be high,—but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
I would be rich,—but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind ;
I would be wise,—but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free ;
I would be fair,—but see the fair and proud
(Like the bright sun) oft setting in a cloud ;
I would be poor,—but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;
Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd, if poor ;
Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envy'd more :
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither ;
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair ; poor I'll be rather.

A HERMIT IN AN ARBOUR.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir ;
Would Beauty's queen entitle me the Fair ;
Fame speak me Fortune's Minion ; could I vie
Angels' with India ; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame ; or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs ; be call'd great Master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in Superlatives ;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine ;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts ! welcome, ye silent Groves !
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves :
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome Spring ;
A Pray'r-Book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no Palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears :
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy ;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.

Sir Kenelm Digby.

DIVINE LOVE.

COULD we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above ;
Love only enters as a native there,
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as He.
Love as He loved ! How can we soar so high ?
He can add wings, when He commands to fly.
Nor should we be with His command dismay'd ;
He that example gives, will give His aid ;
For He took flesh, that where His precepts fail,
His practice as a pattern may prevail.
His love, at once, and dread, instruct our thought ;
As man He suffered, and as God He taught.
Will for the deed He takes ; we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love, what Isaiah prophesied can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked ways.
Love as He loved ! a love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.

Though the creation (so divinely taught !)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From Chaos struck, affects our present sight ;

DIVINE LOVE.

Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising, than the day of rest,
That every week might new occasion give,
To make His triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
To keep His blood among us ever warm—
And singing as the blessèd do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject who can find
Words that may reach the idea of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, the endeavour, brings reward;
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And makes a truce with all the ills we know.
On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amazed at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind,
The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the poet's wingèd art
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the East the rising sun comes on.

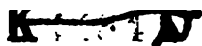
Edmund Waller.



THE EXALTING OF THE HUMBLE.

How cheerfully th' impartial Sun
Gilds with his beams
The narrow streams
O' the brook, which silently doth run
Without a name!
And yet disdains to lend his flames
To the wide channel of the Thames!

The largest mountains barren lie,
And lightning fear,
Though they appear
To bid defiance to the sky ;



THE EXALTING OF THE HUMBLE.

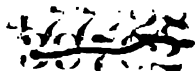
Which in one hour
We've seen the opening earth devour,
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head,
Like some rich vale
Whose fruits ne'er fail
With flowers, with corn, with vines o'erspread ;
Nor doth complain,
O'erflowed by an ill-season'd rain,
Or batter'd by a storm of hail.

Like a tall bark treasure-fraught,
He the seas clear
Doth quiet steer ;
But when they are to a tempest wrought,
More gallantly
He spreads his sail, and doth more high.
By swelling of the waves, appear.

For the Almighty joys to force
The glorious tide
Of human pride
To the lowest ebb ; that o'er his course
(Which rudely bore
Down what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemy may stride.

But from his ill-thatch'd roof He brings
The cottager,
And doth prefer
Him to th' ador'd state of kings ;
He bids that hand,
Which labour hath made rough and tann'd,
The all-commanding sceptre bear.



THE EXALTING OF THE HUMBLE.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
 Their boundless sway ;
 Since in their sea
 Few sail, but by some storm are lost :
 Let men themselves
 Beware, for they are their own shelves ;
 Man still himself hath cast away.

William Habington.

MORNING PRAYER IN PARADISE.

———To the field they haste.
 But first, from under shady arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce uprisen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
 Lowly they bowed adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style ; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
 Unmeditated ; such prompt eloquence
 Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness ; and they thus began :

MORNING PRAYER IN PARADISE.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ; who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night
Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou clim'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusty or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,

MORNING PRAYER IN PARADISE.

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

John Milton.

CHRIST COMING AGAIN IN TRIUMPH.

LORD, come away ;
Why dost Thou stay ?
Thy road is ready ; and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet :
Ride on triumphantly ; behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.

CHRIST COMING AGAIN IN TRIUMPH.

Hosannah ! welcome to our hearts : Lord, here
Thou hast a temple, too, and full as dear
As that of Sion ; and as full of sin ;—
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein ;
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;
Crucify them that they may never more

Profane that holy place,

Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face,
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,

The stones out of the temple wall

Shall cry aloud and call

Hosannah ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet. Amen.

Jeremy Taylor.

OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God, uncircumscribed treasure

Of an eternal pleasure,—

Thy throne is seated far

Above the highest star.

Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place

Within the brightness of Thy face

For every spirit

To inherit,

That builds his hopes on Thy merit,

And loves Thee with a holy charity.

What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,

Clear as the morning's rise,

Can speak, or think, or see,

That bright eternity ?

OF HEAVEN.

Where the great King's transparent throne,
Is of an entire jasper stone :
 There the eye
 O' th' chrysolite,
 And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase
And, above all, Thy holy face
Makes an eternal clarity.
When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind—that day
 Remember us, we pray,—
 That where the beryl lies,
 And the crystal, 'bove the skies,
 There Thou may'st appoint us place,
 Within the brightness of Thy face :
 And our soul
 In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enrol,
That we may praise Thee to Eternity. Allelujah.

Taylor.

A PRAYER FOR CHARITY.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above ;
Thou, who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light,
O let Thy love our pattern be ;
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That, copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

Same.



THE RING.

I SAW Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright ;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres

THE RING.

Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the World
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain ;
Near him his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's four delights ;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

The darksome Statesman hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go ;
Condemning thoughts like sad Eclipses scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Worked underground,
Where he did clutch his prey ; but one did see
That Policy ;
Churches and altars fed him ; Perjuries
Were gnats and flies ;
It rain'd about him blood and tears ; but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful Miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust ;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf ;
The downright Epicure placed Heaven in sense,
And scorn'd pretence ;

THE RING.

While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less.
The weaker sort slight, trivial wars inslave,
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this time did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soar'd up into the Ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day,
Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus:
*This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his Bride.*

Henry Vaughan.

BLESSED BE THY WILL

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,
My lot is fall'n, blest be Thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill !

Blest be Thy Dew, and blest Thy Frost,
And happy I to be so crost,
And cur'd by crosses at Thy cost.

The Dew doth cheer what is distrest,
The Frost ill weeds nip and molest,
On both Thou workest with the best.

Thus while Thy sev'ral mercies plot,
And work on me now cold now hot,
The work goes on and slacketh not ;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year hath some green ears.

Vaughan.

THE DEPARTED.

THEY are all gone into the world of Light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an Air of Glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous death; the jewel of the Just!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

THE DEPARTED.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the Hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Remove my spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty !

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

Vaughan.

WHEN night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not with delays ;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st : Then say
There's one sun more strung on my Bead of days.
What's good score up for joy ; the bad well-scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Same.



THE BIRD.

HITHER thou com'st. The busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing

THE BIRD.

Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head ;

And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloth'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him ; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break ;
And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,
While active winds and streams both run and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration ;
Thus Praise and Prayer beneath the Sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each inclosed Spirit is a star
Inlight'ning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetch'd and borrowed from far,
Both mornings make and evenings there.

But, as these birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn Matins on each tree ;
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad,
Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all fly,
Till the Day-spring breaks forth again from high.

Vaughan.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY,

SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

CHORUS.

COME, we shepherds, whose blest sight
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night ;
Come, lift we up our loftier song,
And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stol'n joy
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,
And kiss'd the cradle of our King :
Tell him he rises now too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light :
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been ;
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay :
The Babe look'd up, and show'd His face ;
In spite of darkness it was day.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the east, but from Thy eyes.

CHORUS : It was Thy day, sweet, &c.

THYRSIS.

Winter cried aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars ;
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars ;
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frosts he scatter'd flowers.

CHORUS : By those sweet eyes', &c.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day ;
We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away ;
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger ?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger ?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone ;
The Phœnix builds the Phœnix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

The Babe, whose birth embraces this morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the fair infant's bed.
Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

THYRSIS.

I saw th' obsequious seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?

BOTH.

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See, see how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choice, said we, no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow!

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter! day in night!
Heaven in earth! and God in man!
Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth!

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie ;
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, tho' not to those gay flies
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes—
But to poor shepherds, homespun things
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well-read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves !
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves !
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice !

Richard Crashaw.

THE GARDEN.

TO J. EVELYN, ESQ.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness ;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best ;
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight ;
And in thy virtuous wife, when thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet ;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise ;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous
weeds ?

When God did man in His own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great Potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a likeness bear :
That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of His omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift—first, ev'n before a wife.

THE GARDEN.

For God, the universal Architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower
That might with Heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old :
 He wanted not the skill or power ;
 In the world's fabrick those were shown,
And the materials were all His own.
But well He knew what place would best agree
With innocence, and with felicity :
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain ;
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct ;
God the first Garden made, and the first City Cain.

O blessed shades ! O gentle, cool retreat
 From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat !
This does the lion-star, ambition's rage,
This avarice, the dog-star's thirst, assuage ;
Everywhere else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule men's wretched destiny ;
 They neither set nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year ;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And sing above in every tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
 And should by right be singers too.

What prince's choice of music can excel
 That which within this shade does dwell ?
 To which we nothing pay or give ;
 They, like all other poets, live



Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains :

'Tis well if they become not prey :

The whistling winds add their less artful strains,

And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play ;

Nature does all this harmony bestow,

But to our plants, Art's music too.

The pipe, theorbo, and guitar we owe,

The lute itself, which once was green and mute.

When Orpheus struck the inspired lute,

The trees danc'd round, and understood

By sympathy the voice of wood.

THE GARDEN.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take ;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompass'd round with such delight
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight ?
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed ;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town ?

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
That pleasure was the chiefest good
(And was, perhaps, i' the right, if rightly understood),
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a Garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought :
Whoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius' tables, which did hold
As many creatures as the Ark of old ;
That fiscal table, to which every day .
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gard'ener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose ;
Though all the inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,

THE GARDEN.

Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the Garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain ;
 Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread
 To hide the metal's poverty ;
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye ;
Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her eye ;
Though she herself and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East ;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the Garden from the palace won ;
And every rose and lily there did stand
 Better attir'd by Nature's hand.
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.
Nor does this happy place only dispense
 Such various pleasures to the sense ;
 Here health itself doth live,
That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune, health.
The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;
It lasted, a tall cedar, till the flood ;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear ;

THE GARDEN.

Nor will it thrive too every-where :
It always here is freshest seen :
'Tis only here an evergreen,
If, through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarmed, or without a guard ;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail :
Scarce any plant is growing here,
Which against death some weapon does not bear.
Let cities boast that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride ;
But 'tis the country and the field,
That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine ?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the Book ?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity :
But we despise these His inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise) :
Upon the flowers of heav'n we gaze ;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be
More stored with beauty, power, and mystery ;
Yet, to encourage human industry,

THE GARDEN.

God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for Art.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree :
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well ;
It overrules and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And change her sometimes, and sometimes does refine :
It does, like Grace, the fallen tree restore
To its bless'd state of Paradise before :
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command ?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleased to give ?
He bids th' ill-natured crab produce
The gentle apple's winy juice ;
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss :
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear :
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refused Apollo's suit ;
Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian Garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made :
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk

THE GARDEN.

With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to a throne again.
If I my friends (said he) should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away ;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever after the most happy light,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god.
Abraham Cowley.

PRAISE FOR THE EVENING.

Now from the altar of my heart
New incense-flame arise ;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
Awake, my love ; awake, my joy ;
Awake, my heart and tongue !
Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

Man's life's a book of history
The leaves thereof are days ;
The letters, mercies closely join'd ;
The title is thy praise.
This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide ;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

John Mason.

THE TE DRUM.

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise ;
We own Thee Lord, and bless Thy wondrous ways ;
To Thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame,
With loudest trumpets, sounds immortal fame.
LORD GOD OF HOSTS ! to Thee the heavenly Powers.
With sounding anthems, fill the vaulted towers.
The Cherubims thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, cry ;
Thrice Holy all the Seraphims reply,
And thrice returning echoes endless songs supply.
Both Heaven and earth Thy Majesty display ;
They owe their beauty to Thy glorious ray.
Thy praises fill the loud Apostles' choir,
The Train of Prophets in the song conspire.
Legions of Martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with vocal music join.
By these Thy church, inspired by heavenly art,
Around the world maintains a second part ;
And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to Thee,
The Father of unbounded majesty ;
The Son, adored, co-partner of Thy seat,
And equal everlasting Paraclete.
Thou King of Glory, Christ of the Most High,
Thou co-eternal filial Deity ;
Thou who to save the world's impending doom,
Vouchsafest to dwell within a Virgin's womb ;

THE TE DEUM.

Old tyrant Death disarmed, before Thee flew
The bolts of Heaven, and back the foldings drew,
To give access, and make Thy faithful way ;
From God's right hand Thy filial beams display ;
Thou art to judge the living and the dead ;
Then spare those souls for which Thy veins have bled.
O take us up among Thy bless'd above,
To share with them Thy everlasting love.
Preserve, O Lord ! Thy people, and enhance
Thy blessing on Thy own inheritance.
For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways,
Each day we bless Thee, and proclaim Thy praise ;
No age shall fail to celebrate Thy name,
No hour neglect Thy everlasting fame.
Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill ;
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still ;
As we have hoped, do Thou reward our pain ;
We've hoped in Thee,—let not our hope be vain.

John Dryden.

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind ;
Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Sume.

M I D N I G H T.

MY God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
Your joyful hymn, the ever-blest,
Before your throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord ! in Thy arms I will intrust ;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in right of Heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

MIDNIGHT.

All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made,—
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

Blest Jesus, Thou in Heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, now am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardour kindle in my heart ;
One ray of Thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
Make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Thomas Ken.

DEATH ! when you shall approach my head,
You'll nothing see but what is dead ;
Yet do not me forsake,
Care of my body take ;
Lay me with gentle hands asleep—
God in the grave my dust will keep.

Same.

INSCRIPTION FOR LOTS WIFE.

“In this pillar I do lie,
Buried where no mortal eye
Ever could my bones descry.

“When I saw great Sodom burn,
To this pillar I did turn,
Where my body is my urn.

“You to whom my corpse I show,
Take true warning from my woe—
Look not back when God cries ‘Go.’

“They that toward virtue hie,
If but back they cast an eye,
Twice as far from it do fly.

“Counsel then I give to those,
Who the path to bliss have chose,
Turn not back, ye cannot lose.

“That way let your whole hearts lie ;
If ye let them backward fly,
They’ll quickly grow as hard as I.”

Thomas Jordan.

THE MEDITATION.

It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away ;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how.

Amazing tale ! no wonder that we dread
 To think of death, or view the dead.
Thou'rt all wrapp'd up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find—
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,
 What 'tis you are, and we must be.
You warn us of approaching death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die ?
But you, having shot the gulf, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
 Disease shall cut, or age untie ;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life ;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity !

So when the spacious globe was delug'd o'er,
 And lower holds could save no more,
On the utmost bough the astonish'd sinners stood,
And view'd the advances of th' encroaching flood ;
O'er-topped at length by th' element's increase,
With horror they resign'd to the untried abyss.

John Norris.

H O P E.

TRUE Hope is Jacob's staff indeed,
True Hope is no Egyptian reed
That springs from mire, or else can feed
 On dirt or mud :
By Hope just men are sanctified,
In the same ocean safe at anchor ride,
Fearless of wreck by wind or tide,
 By ebb or flood.

Hope's the top window of that Ark,
Where all God's Noahs do embark ;
Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark
 Were such a season !
Wouldst thou not be engulph'd, or drown'd,
When storms and tempests gather round,
Ere thou cast anchor, try the ground ;
 Hope must have reason.

Hope hath a harvest in the spring,
In winter doth of summer sing,
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
 Yet nips no bloom ;
Hope brings me home when I'm abroad,—
Soon as the first step homeward's trod—
In hope to Thee, my God ! my God !
 I come, I come.

Faithful Teate.

THE HEART ENLARGED.

WHAT a blessed change I find,
Since I entertain'd this guest !
Now, methinks, another mind
Moves and rules within my breast ;
Surely I am not the same
That I was before He came ;
But I then was much to blame.

All the ways of righteousness
I did think were full of trouble ;
I complained of tediousness,
And each duty seemèd double ;
While I served Him but from fear,
Every minute did appear
Longer far than a whole year.

But the case is alter'd now ;
He no sooner turns His eye,
But I quickly bend and bow,
Ready at His feet to lie ;
Love hath taught me to obey
All His precepts, and to say
Not "*to-morrow*," but "*to-day*."

Thomas Harvey.



CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky

CONTENTMENT.

Will more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head ?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there ;
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground ;
Or in a soul exalted high
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below ;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,

CONTENTMENT.

And lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved.
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke :—"Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still ;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from Religion flow ;
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy !
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and prayer ;
Pleased with all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone.
Then, while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight ;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song ;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasures of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me ;

CONTENTMENT.

They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes ;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

Thomas Parnell.

LIFE EXAMINED.

WHATE'ER thou art, where'er ordained to go
(Points which we rather may dispute than know,
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest ;
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder my repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills and prudence may persuade ;
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd :
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
The angel's forecast and intelligence :
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows ;
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be :
Helpless and naked on a woman's knees.
To be expos'd, or rear'd, as she may please ;

LIFE EXAMINED.

Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease.
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day ;
His head assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war ;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears ;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares ;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill :
Or would he rather leave this frantic scene ;
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men,
In the remotest wood and lonely grot,
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought ;
Different ideas to his memory brought ;
Some intricate, as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some, as the descending floods :
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn ;
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs ;
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.
Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love ;
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come ?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap ;
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake ;
For hope is but the dream of those that wake ;
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which, were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again.

LIFE EXAMINED.

Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evils still the worst ;
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number, and augment their power :
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn :
Thus, through the round of age to childhood we return ;
Reflecting find, that, naked from the womb,
We yesterday came forth ; that in the tomb,
Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Matthew Prior.

THE PRAYER OF SOLOMON, AND THE ANSWER.

“FATHER of Heaven !” I said, “and Judge of Earth !”
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth ;
Omniscient Master, Omnipresent King,
To Thee, to Thee, my last distress I bring.
Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
(Chain up the winds, and bid the tempest cease ;
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts ;
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let Thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was Thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life : let Thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.
If, while this wearied flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfied with life, afraid of death,

THE PRAYER OF SOLOMON, AND THE ANSWER.

It haply be Thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe ;
From now, from instant now, Great Sire ! dispel
The clouds that press my soul ; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light ; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;
My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise,
And, for Thy mercy, let me sing Thy praise.
Or, if Thy will ordains, I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state,
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret lab'rins of Thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess Thy awful power,
Still weeping, hope ; and wondering, still adore.
So in my conquest be Thy might declared,
And, for Thy justice, be Thy name rever'd."

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome ;
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence, and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose,
Does round the air revolving scents diffuse ;
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews ;
And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
My wondering soul ? an opening cloud reveals
A heavenly form embodied, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard ; the angel said :

"Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continu'd grief,

THE PRAYER OF SOLOMON, AND THE ANSWER.

Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind ;
Suppress thy passions ; and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow :
Be used to sorrow, and inur'd to woe.
And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power, sent down from Heaven,
To succour earth. To Him, to Him 'tis given,
Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy ;
Through Him soft peace, and plenitude of joy
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow,
No more may man inquire, nor angel know."

The angel said :—
With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object : at length (my mournful look
Heavenward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke :
"Supreme, All-wise, Eternal Potentate !
Sole Author, sole disposer of our fate !
Enthron'd in light, and immortality !
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !
Original of beings ! Power Divine !
Since that I live, and that I think, is Thine ;
Benign Creator, let Thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect. Let Thy command
Restore, Great Father, Thy instructed son,
And in my act may Thy great will be done."

Prior.



THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS the world is oddly made,
And every thing's amiss,
A dull presuming Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath a shade,
And instanced it in this :

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Or bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows ;
That who with sense surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment could have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn, lightly strung,
'Mongst things which on the surface sprung,
And small and feeble be.

No more the caviller could say,
Nor further faults desery ;
For as he upwards gazing lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the sin ;
Fool ! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have worked no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.



THE WATCHING OF PROVIDENCE.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide ;
Their help, Omnipotence.

THE WATCHING OF PROVIDENCE.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please :
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise !

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to Thy will !
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee !

Joseph Addison.

CONSOLATION.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,—
Oh, how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
Oh, how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died,
To make that pardon sure.

Addison.

THE PROMISED LAND.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts which rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They mark'd the footsteps that He trod
(His zeal inspired their breast) ;
And following their incarnate God
Possess'd the promised rest.

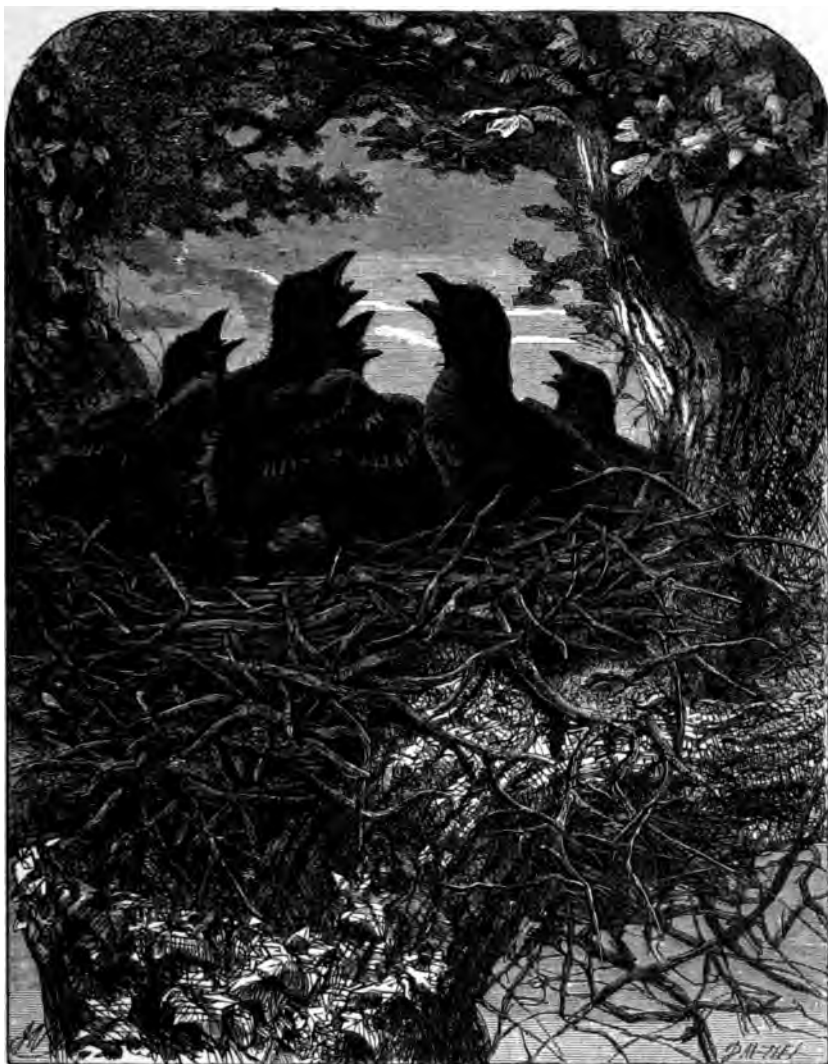
Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to Heaven.

Isaac Watts.

TIME COMING AND GONE

Al! how unjust to Nature, and Himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent Man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless Art! our furious charioteer
Drives headlong tow'rd the precipice of Death;
Death, most our dread; death thus more dreadful made:
O! what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour;
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience!
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

Edward Young.



GOD'S ARGUMENT WITH JOB.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produced, what creatures fram'd,
What insects cherished, that thy God is blam'd?

GOD'S ARGUMENT WITH JOB.

When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food ;
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest ?

Who in the stupid Ostrich has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude,
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground ;
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider and pursuing steed.

How rich the Peacock ! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun ;
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day :
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies ?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind ;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Know'st thou how many moons, by Me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and forest Hind,
While pregnant, they a mother's load sustain ?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed ;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed ;
They live at once ; forsake the dam's warm side ;
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide ;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

GOD'S ARGUMENT WITH JOB.

Will the tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee ;
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke ?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care ;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year :
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gathered stores.

Young.

FOR GOD'S HELP.

AUTHOR of good ! to Thee I turn :
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh let Thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall meaner loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And oh ! by Error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will
Preposterous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill ;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou Thy gifts apply ;
Unasked, what good Thou knowest, grant ;
What ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick.

THE MESSIAH.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
The Ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:

THE MESSIAH.

See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears :
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives Him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise ;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way ;
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of a future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful Son

THE MESSIAH.

Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmur in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn.
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet,
The smiling infant in his hands shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient of the skies !
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;

THE MESSIAH.

But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, Thy own MESSIAH reigns.

Alexander Pope.

ENTHUSIASM DEFINED.

THINK not that you are no Enthusiast then:
All men are such, as sure as they are men.
The thing itself is not all to blame:
'Tis in each state of human life the same.
The fiery bent, the driving of the will,
That gives the prevalence to good or ill;—
You need not go to cloisters, or to cells,
Monks, or field preachers, to see where it dwells.
It dwells alike in balls and masquerades;
Courts, camps, and 'Changes, it alike pervades.
That which concerns us, therefore, is to see,
What species of Enthusiasts we be;
On what materials the fiery source
Of thinking life shall execute its force:
Whether a man shall stir up love or hate,
From the mix'd medium of the present state;
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,
And reconnoitre Heaven's primeval skies;
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,
Brute for a time, and demon at its end.

ENTHUSIASM DEFINED.

“Fly from Enthusiasm!” Yes, fly from air,
And breathe it more intensely for your care.
Learn, that, whatever phantoms you embrace,
Your own essential property takes place:
Bend all your wits against it, ’tis in vain,
It must exist, or sacred, or profane.
For flesh, or spirit, wisdom from above,
Or from this world, an anger, or a love,
Must have its fire within the human soul:
’Tis ours to spread the circle, or control;
In clouds of sensual appetites to smoke,
While smoth’ring lusts the rising conscience choke;
Or—with a true celestial ardour fir’d,
Such as at first created man inspir’d,
To will, and to persist to will, the light,
The love, the joy, that makes an angel bright,
That makes a man, in sight of God, to shine
With all the lustre of a life divine.

When true Religion kindles up the fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous desire,
That burns to reach the end for which ’twas given,
To shine and sparkle in its native Heaven?
What else was our creating Father’s view?
His image lost why sought he to renew?
Why all the scene of love that Christians know,
But to attract us from this poor below;
To save us from the fatal choice of ill,
And bless the free co-operating will?

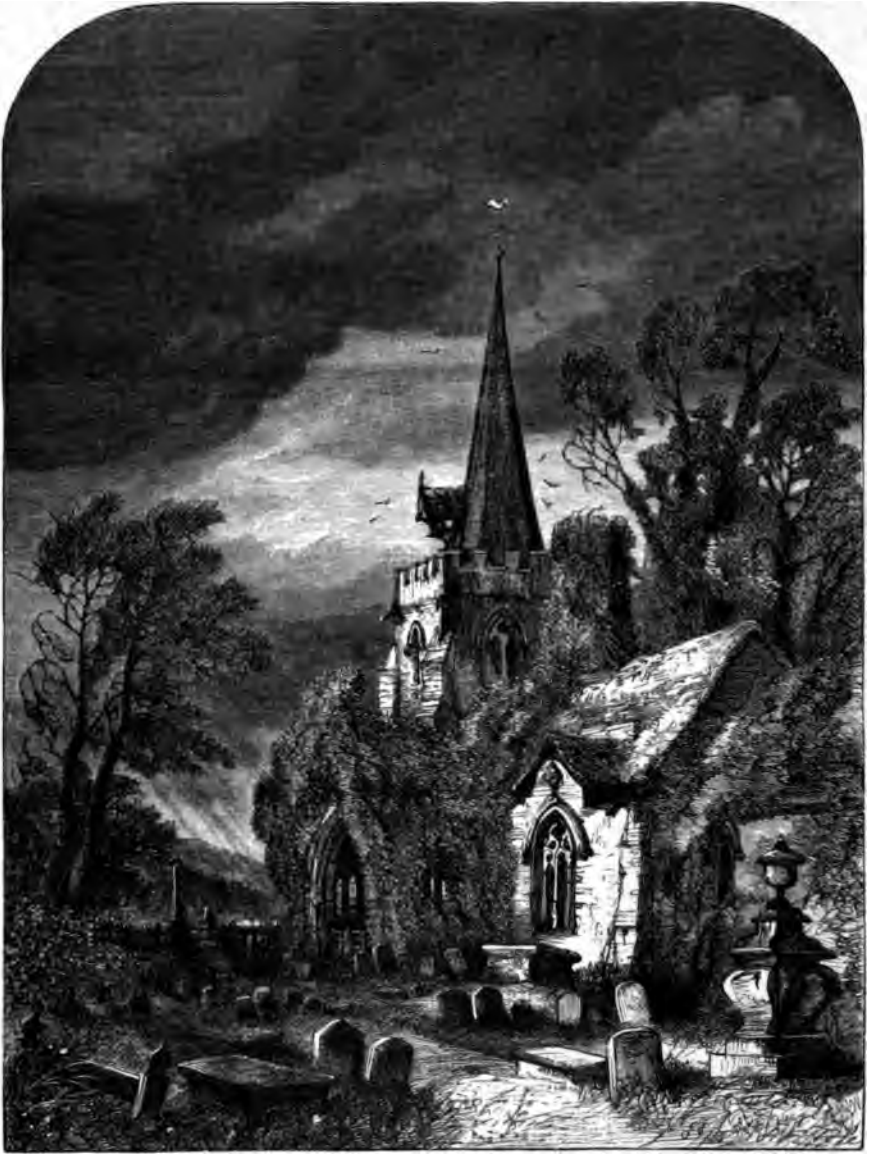
Blame not Enthusiasm, if rightly bent;
Or blame of Saints the holiest intent,
The strong persuasion, the confirm’d belief,
Of all the comforts of a soul the chief;
That God’s continual will, and work to save,
Teach, and inspire, attend us to the grave:

ENTHUSIASM DEFINED.

That they, who in His faith and love abide,
Find in His Spirit an immediate Guide :
This is no more a fancy, or a whim,
Than that we live, and move, and are in Him.
Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the ground,
Here is the seat of true Religion found.
An earthly life, as life itself explains,
The air and spirit of this world maintains :
As plainly does an heav'nly life declare
An heav'nly spirit, and an holy air.

What truth more plainly does the Gospel teach,
What doctrine all its missionaries preach,
Than this, that every good desire and thought,
Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought ?
For this the working faith prepares the mind ;
Hope is expectant, charity resign'd.
This faith, and this dependance, once destroy'd,
Man is made helpless, and the Gospel void.
He that is taught to seek elsewhere for aid,
Be who he will the teacher, is betray'd :
Be what it will the system, he's enslaved ;
Man by man's Maker only can be sav'd.
In this one fountain of all help to trust,
What is more easy, natural, and just ?
Talk what we will of morals, and of bliss,
Our safety has no other source but this :
Led by this faith, when man forsakes his sin,
The gate stands open to his God within :
There, in the temple of his soul, is found
Of inward, central life, the holy ground ;
The sacred scene of piety and peace,
Where new-born Christians feel the life's increase,
Blessing, and blest, revive to pristine youth,
And worship God in spirit, and in truth.

John Byrom.



THE OLD CHURCH IN A STORM.

SEE yonder hallow'd fane ; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,

THE OLD CHURCH IN A STORM.

And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were ;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary :
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rock'd in the spire, screams loud—
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks ; others so thin at top,
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here :
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs ;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrun, untouch'd.
Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels ;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition.

Robert Blair.

COMMERCE—A HELP TO RELIGION.

THE powerful sun

Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which Trade to us conveys. Not tints alone ;
Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart ;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high ;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare ;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume.

—For they

The clearest sense of Deity receive,
Who view the widest prospect of His works,
Ranging the globe with Trade thro' various climes ;
Who see the signatures of boundless Love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice ; who, astonish'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;

COMMERCE—A HELP TO RELIGION.

Or Tyre's abandoned summit, crown'd of old
With stately tow'rs ; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts ;
Whither Arabia, wither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs ;
Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd and thirsty for the double tint,
And flow'ring shuttle. While the admiring world
Crowded her streets ; ah, then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain,
Not ev'n the dust they sunk in ; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended, hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep.

John Dyer.

—THE old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir ;
Music of Paradise ! which still is heard,
When the heart listens.

Same.



A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,





With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
 And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn, unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms .
 Around Thee thrown, tempests o'er tempests roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,



A HYMN.

Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! Join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes ;
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms !
Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,

A HYMN.

Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.



Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,

A HYMN.

From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world :
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves. And when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me ;

A HYMN.

Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable ;
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

James Thomson.



ON HIS WIFE, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear :
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave :
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form : she bowed to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line ?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine :
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;—
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move ;
And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

William Mason.

THE PEACE COMING ON THE EARTH.

THE groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp
The time of rest, the promised sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world. And what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious, in His chariot paved with love,
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch ;
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,

THE PEACE COMING ON THE EARTH.

That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance ; and the land once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion and the libbard and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks. All bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now. The mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place ;
That creeping pestilence is driven away,
The breath of heav'n has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not. The pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations ; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us !"

THE PEACE COMING ON THE EARTH.

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other ; and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Each rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd,
See Salem built, the labour of a God !
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
Flows into her, unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates. Upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest West,
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion ! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.

Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God has greatly purposed ; who would else
In His dishonour'd works Himself endure
Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons ! We would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world that does not dread and hate His laws,
And suffer for its crime : would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,

THE PEACE COMING ON THE EARTH.

How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.
Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers,
And even the joy that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream; taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
Oh for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway
That govern all things here, should'ring aside
The meek and modest truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men.
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears.
Where he that fills an office shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts,
And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright:
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love.

Come then, and added to Thy many crowns
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! it was Thine
By ancient covenant ere nature's birth,
And Thou hast made it Thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with Thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim Thee King; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen,
Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.

William Cowper.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the World to Darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds:

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled Tower,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bower,
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,



Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

The breezy Call of incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, and the echoing Horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Housewife ply her evening Care ;
No children run to lisp their Sire's return,
Or climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share.



Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their Team afield !
How bowed the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke !

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys and Destiny obscure ;
Nor Graudeur hear with a disdainful Smile
The short and simple Annals of the Poor.

The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,



Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour :
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the Fault,
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Aisle, and fretted Vault,
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Can storied Urn, or animated Bust,
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold Ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire;



Hands, that the Rod of Empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to Ecstasy the living Lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample Page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Full of many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear :
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert Air.



Some Village-Hampden, that with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his Country's Blood.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes,

Their Lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd ;



Forbade to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
Or shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,

The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.



Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhymes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Their Name, their Years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Epitaph supply ;
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the cheerful Day,
Nor cast one longing lingering Look behind ?

On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires ;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For Thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate :
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away,
To meet the Sun upon the upland Lawn :

There, at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic Roots so high,
His listless Length at Noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the Brook, that babbles by.

Hard by yon Wood, now smiling as in Scorn,
Muttering his wayward Fancies, would he rove ;
Now drooping woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

One Morn I missed him from the custom'd Hill,
Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the Rill,
Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he :



The next with Dirges due in sad Array
Slow through the Churchway Path we saw him borne :
Approach and read, for thou canst read, the Lay
Graved on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

EPITAPH.

Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere ;
Heaven did a Recompense as largely send ;



He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a Tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.
No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father, and his God.

Thomas Gray.

GOOD DESIRES.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton.

PRAISE FOR REDEEMING LOVE

Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's Name,
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame :
 He has wash'd us with His blood ;
 He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Called us by His grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes ;
 He has wash'd us with His blood,
 He presents our souls to God.

Let us sing, though fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the Conqu'ror's crown ;
 He, who wash'd us with His blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us wonder, Grace and Justice
Join and point to Mercy's shore ;
When through grace in God our trust is
Justice smiles, and asks no more.
 He who wash'd us with His Blood,
 Has secured our way to God.

PRAISE FOR REDEEMING LOVE.

Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high,
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky ;
 "Thou hast wash'd us with Thy blood !
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

Hark ! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above !
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love !
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,
 For by Thee we come to God.

Newton.

A COVERT FROM THE STORM.

JESUS, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
 Then receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;—

A COVERT FROM THE STORM.

All my trust on Thee is laid,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;—
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Wesley.

SAVIOUR, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy Hill.

If rough and thorny be the way;
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Same.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the Nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah ! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

THE HERMIT.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn.
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee ;
So, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free—
And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn."
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

James Beattie.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the pow'r of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

THE RESIGNATION.

O teach me in this trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

Thomas Chatterton.



INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies ;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the silvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount ;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossèd book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn ;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state ?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot ?

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice grey;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless Hermitage?

Thomas Warton.

WRITTEN IN DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

Same.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage,
Stern Winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN SPRING.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
That fills the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journey's down the Western sky,
Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days ;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store :
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease ;
Heav'n gave content and health, I ask'd no more.

Now Spring returns ; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal Day,
Till the last night is gone, and the last morn arise !

Michael Bruce.



ODE WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY
IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! No more the summer blooms ;
 Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
 The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
 And twilight consecrates the floods ;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander thro' the sounding woods.

Ah ! well-known streams ; ah ! wonted groves,
 Still pictured in my mind !
Oh ! sacred scene of youthful loves,
 Whose image lives behind ;

ODE WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last ;
The wild flowers strown on summer's bier ;
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear.

Alas ! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade !
The charm is vanish'd from the vales ;
No voice with virgin whisper hails
A stranger to his native bowers ;
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers.

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood,
I muse upon the tomb :
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed ;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh, that Winter's near :
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

John Logan.

THE CHARM OF SYMPATHY.

A HERMIT on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content
Had fled from lighter, busier days.

THE CHARM OF SYMPATHY.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,
And memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye ;
Then pious Hope and Duty praised
The wisdom of th' Unerring Sway ;
And while his eye to heaven he raised,
Its silent waters stole away.
Complete Ambition's wildest scheme ;
In Power's all-brilliant robes appear ;
Indulge in Fortune's golden dream ;
Then ask thy breast, if Peace be there.
No! it shall tell thee, Peace retires,
If once of her loved friends deprived ;
Contentment calm, subdu'd desires,
And happiness from Heaven derived.
For what though Fortune's frown deny
With wealth to bid the sufferer live ?
Yet Pity's hand can oft supply
A balm she never knew to give.
Be thine those feelings of the mind
That wake at honour's, friendship's call ;
Benevolence, that unconfin'd
Extends her liberal hand to all.
By Sympathy's untutor'd voice
Be taught her social laws to keep ;
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."
The heart that bleeds for others' woes,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less ;
His breast who happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless.

Edmund Cartwright.



THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high a weaver scarce could eat.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

What with my babes and sickly wife,
Quoth James, I'm almost tir'd of life ;
So hard we work, so poor we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state,
His house so fine, his wealth so great ;
Heaven is unjust, you must agree :
Why all to him, and none to me ?

In spite of all the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
The world, indeed I've thought so long,
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange ;
The good are troubled and opprest,
And all the wicked are the blest.

Quoth John, Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws ;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear James, hast well begun ?
Behold the wild confusion there !
So rude the mass, it makes one stare.

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there convey'd ;
For where's the middle, where's the border ?
The carpet now is all disorder.

Quoth James, My work is yet in bits,
But still in ev'ry part it fits ;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that carpet's inside out !

THE TWO WEAVERS.

Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen :
The world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends ;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace ;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

What now seem random strokes will there
All order and design appear ;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the carpet will be turn'd.

Thou'rt right, quoth James, no more I'll grumble
That this world is so strange a jumble ;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right.

Hannah More.

ALL NATIONS CALLED TO WORSHIP GOD.

JEHOVAH reigns : let every nation hear,
And at His footstool bow with holy fear ;
Let Heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth His praise proclaim ;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land :
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath His throne.
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night ;
His Spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life :
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measured o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;
And the pale moon diffused her shadowy light,
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night ;
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers He dress'd,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast ;
Then from the hollow of His hand He pours
The circling waters round her winding shores ;
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

ALL NATIONS CALLED TO WORSHIP GOD.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride ;
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd His work, and call'd it good ;
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of Empires, and the pride of Kings ;
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,
Shall in his silent dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie
Amidst the common ruins of the sky !
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands Thy throne ;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone :
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffused is still the same.
He dwells within His own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with His unbounded presence.

But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise :
Cease, cease your songs ; the daring flight control ;
Revere Him in the stillness of the soul.
With silent duty meekly bend before Him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore Him.

Anna L. Barbauld.

REMORSE UNSANCTIFIED.

SUCH was his fall ; and Edward, from that time,
Felt in full force the censure and the crime—
Despised, ashamed ; his noble views before,
And his proud thoughts, degraded him the more
Should he repent—would that conceal his shame ?
Could peace be his ? It perish'd with his fame :
Himself he scorn'd, nor could his crime forgive ;
He fear'd to die, yet felt asham'd to live :
Grieved, but not contrite was his heart ; oppress'd,
Not broken ; not converted, but distress'd ;
He wanted will to bend the stubborn knee,
He wanted light the cause of ill to see,
To learn how frail is man, how humble then should be ;
For faith he had not, or a faith too weak
To gain the help that humbled sinners seek,
Else had he pray'd—to an offended God
His tears had flown a penitential flood ;
Though far astray, he would have heard the call
Of mercy—"Come ! return, thou prodigal."
Then, though confused, distress'd, ashamed, afraid,
Still had the trembling penitent obey'd ;
Though faith had fainted, when assail'd by fear,
Hope to the soul had whisper'd,—“Persevere !”
Till in his Father's house an humbled guest,
He would have found forgiveness, comfort, rest.

REMORSE UNSANCTIFIED.

But all this joy was to our Youth denied,
By his fierce passions and his daring pride ;
And shame and doubt impell'd him in a course,
Once so abhorr'd, with unresisted force.
Proud minds and guilty, whom their crimes oppress,
Fly to new crimes for comfort and redress ;
Such were the notions of a mind to ill
Now prone, but ardent, and determined still :
Of joy now eager, as before of fame,
And screen'd by folly when assail'd by shame,
Deeply he sank ; obey'd each passion's call,
And used his reason to defend them all.
Shall I proceed, and step by step relate
The odious progress of a sinner's fate ?
No—let me rather hasten to the time
(Sure to arrive !) when misery waits on crime.

Struck by new terrors, from his friends he fled,
And wept his woes upon a restless bed ;
Returning late, at early hour to rise,
With shrunken features, and with bloodshot eyes :
If Sleep one moment closed the dismal view,
Fancy her terrors built upon the true ;
And night and day had their alternate woes,
That baffled pleasure, and that mock'd repose ;
Till to despair and anguish was consign'd
The wreck and ruin of a noble mind.
Harmless at length the unhappy man was found,
The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd ;
And all the dreadful tempest died away,
To the dull stillness of the misty day.

George Crabbe.



THE NURSING FRIEND.

AN orphan girl succeeds : ere she was born
Her father died, her mother on that morn ;
The pious mistress of the school sustains
Her parents' part, nor their affection feigns,
But pitying feels : with due respect and joy,
I trace the matron at her loved employ :
What time the striplings, wearied e'en with play,
Part at the closing of the summer's day,

THE NURSING FRIEND.

And each by different paths returns the well-known way—
Then I behold her at her cottage door,
Frugal of light ; her Bible laid before,
When on her double duty she proceeds,
Of time as frugal,—knitting as she reads ;
Her idle neighbours, who approach to tell
Some trifling tale, her serious looks compel
To hear reluctant—while the lads who pass,
In pure respect, walk silent on the grass.
Then sinks the day, but not to rest she goes,
Till solemn prayers the daily duties close.

Crabbe.

A LESSON.

SOME acts will stamp their moral on the soul,
And while the bad they threaten and control,
Will to the pious and the humble say,
Yours is the right, the safe, the certain way,
'Tis wisdom to be good, 'tis virtue to obey.
So Rachel thinks, the pure, the good, the meek,
Whose outward acts the inward purpose speak ;
As men will children at their sports behold,
And smile to see them, though unmoved and cold,
Smile at the recollected games, and then
Depart and mix in the affairs of men :
So Rachel looks upon the world, and sees
It cannot longer pain her, longer please,
But just detain the passing thought, or cause
A gentle smile of pity, or applause ;
And then the recollected soul repairs
Her slumbering hope, and heeds her own affairs.

Same.

THE LOST WIFE.

SLOWLY they bore, with solemn step, the dead ;
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed
My part began ; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face ;
Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend ;
For good-man *Frankford* was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear ;
Each different sex and age reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain ;
While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied ;
" Be still, be patient ;" oft she strove to say :
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.
Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still ;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place,—where she, no more, was found—
The seat at table she was wont to fill ;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still ;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own ;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown ;

THE LOST WIFE.

The Sunday-pew she fill'd with all her race,—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.
Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker, he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what my pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment!

Crabbe.

THE VILLAGE MOTHER FORSAKEN.

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled.
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes,
With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;

THE VILLAGE MOTHER FORSAKEN.

Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind, as strength the frame forsakes :
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path, but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering from her pains ;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits ;
In vain, they come, she feels the inflating grief
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief :
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distrest,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress.
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies ;
Unfeed, the call of Nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise ;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress ! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

Crabbe.

THE BLESSINGS OF TRIBULATION.

DEATH has his infant train ; his bony arm
Strikes from the baby-cheek the rosy charm ;
The brightest eye his glazing film makes dim,
And his cold touch sets fast the lithest limb ;
He seized the sickening boy to *Gerard* lent,
When three days' life, in feeble cries, were spent ;
In pain brought forth, those painful hours to stay,
To breathe in pain, and sigh its soul away !

“But why thus lent, if thus recall'd again,
To cause and feel, to live and die in pain ?”
Or rather say, Why grievous these appear,
If all it pays for Heaven's eternal year ;
If these sad sobs and piteous sighs secure
Delights that live, when worlds no more endure ?

The sister-spirit long may lodge below,
And pains from nature, pains from reason, know
Through all the common ills of life may run,
By hope perverted, and by love undone ;
A wife's distress, a mother's pangs, may dread,
And widow-tears, in bitter anguish, shed ;
May at old age arrive through numerous harms
With children's children in those feeble arms ;
Nor till by years of want and grief oppress
Shall the sad spirit flee and be at rest !

THE BLESSINGS OF TRIBULATION.

Yet happier therefore shall we deem the boy
Secured from 'anxious care and dangerous joy?
Not so! for then would Love Divine in vain
Send all the burthens weary men sustain;
All that now curb the passions when they rage,
The checks of youth, and the regrets of age;
All that now bid us hope, believe, endure,
Our sorrow's comfort, and our vice's cure;
All that for Heaven's high joys the spirits train,
And charity, the crown of all, were vain!

Say, will you call the breathless infant blest,
Because no cares the silent grave molest?
So would you deem the nursling from the wing
Untimely thrust and never train'd to sing:
But far more blest the bird whose grateful voice
Sings its own joy and makes the woods rejoice,
Though, while untaught, ere yet he charm'd the ear,
Hard were his trials and his pains severe!

Crabbe.



SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE.

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha Bible*, ance his father's pride ;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE.

His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise :
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'nward flame ;
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny :
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the CHRISTIAN VOLUME is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
command.

SCENE IN A SCOTTISH COTTAGE.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King !

The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,
Which men display to congregations wide,

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;

The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :

The parent-pair their secret homage pay,

And proffer up to Heaven the warm request

That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,

Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide ;

But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

Robert Burns.

WINTER—A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow ;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw :
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars from bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

“The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Pow’r Supreme, whose mighty scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they *are* Thy Will
Then all I want, (O, do Thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign* !

Burns.



AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind, that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillock'd graves;

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

But list that moan ! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare :
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep ; the lightnings' flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range
(It was not wide) ; no dog would bay at him ;
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales :
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship ;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit ! that now looks on me,
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile ;
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow : The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn ; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks : Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's cluster'd branch, or harvest-sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

James Grahame.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and on the dewy sward,
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far-stretched,—when in the East arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger : No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot :
Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The Holy One ; but lo ! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around His sacred brow :
The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath,
Drifted by storms into a mountain cave :
Bright, and more bright, the circling halo beamed
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet inanimate. Not long the reign
Of death ; the eyes, that wept for human griefs,
Unclose and look around with conscious joy :
Yes ; with returning life, the first emotion
That glowed in Jesus' breast of love, was joy
At man's redemption, now complete ; at death
Disarmed ; the grave transformed into the couch
Of faith ; the resurrection and the life.
Majestical He rose ; trembled the earth ;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away ;
The keepers fell ; the angel, awe-struck, shrunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The SAVIOUR of the World walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

Grahame.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

COME, Disappointment, come !
Not in thy terrors clad ;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline,
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Beneath thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the ling'ring knell
That tells her hopes are dead ;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come !
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd ;
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world ;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?
A peevish April day !
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discust)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath her surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most belov'd on earth,
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill,
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race is run,
I only bow, and say, My God, Thy will be done.

Kirke White.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest-trees,
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine.
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

Kirke White.



SUNDAY IN THE FIELDS.

HAIL, Sabbath! day of mercy, peace, and rest!
Thou o'er loud cities throw'st a noiseless spell;
The hammer there, the wheel, the saw, molest
Pale thought no more. O'er Trade's contentious hell
Meek Quiet spreads her wings invisible.
But when thou com'st, less silent are the fields,
Through whose sweet paths the toil-freed townsman steals;
To him the very air a banquet yields.
Envious he watches the poised hawk that wheels
His flight on chainless winds. Each cloud reveals

SUNDAY IN THE FIELDS.

A paradise of beauty to his eye.
His little boys are with him, seeking flowers,
Or chasing the too venturous gilded fly,
So by the daisy's side he spends the hours,
Renewing friendship with the budding bowers ;
And—while might, beauty, good without alloy,
Are mirror'd in his children's happy eyes,
In His great temple offering thankful joy
To Him the infinitely Great and Wise,
With soul attuned to Nature's harmonies,
Serene and cheerful as a sporting child.

Ebenezer Elliot.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE BLIND.

I AM weak, yet strong—
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme ! to Thee.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me,—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;
My darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Lloyd.



DAWN OF HOPE AND PEACE ON THE
DARK SOUL.

HEAR what they were : The progeny of Sin
Alike, and oft combined ; but differing much
In mode of giving pain. As felt the gross
Material part, when in the furnace cast,
So felt the soul, the victim of Remorse.
It was a fire which on the verge of God's
Commandments burned, and on the vitals fed
Of all who passed. Who passed, there met Remorse ;
A violent fever seized his soul ; the heavens
Above, the earth beneath, seemed glowing brass
Heated seven times ; he heard dread voices speak,
And mutter horrid prophecies of pain,

DAWN OF HOPE AND PEACE

Severer and severer yet to come ;
And as he writhed and quivered, scorched within,
The Fury round his torrid temples flapped
Her fiery wings, and breathed upon his lips
And parchèd tongue the withering blasts of hell.
It was the suffering begun thou saw'st,
In symbol of the Worm that never dies.

The other, Disappointment, rather seemed
Negation of delight. It was a thing
Sluggish and torpid, tending towards death.
Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood
Stagnant, and dull, and heavy, round the wheels
Of life. The roots of that whereon it blew,
Decayed, and with the genial soil no more
Held sympathy ; the leaves, the branches drooped,
And mouldered slowly down to formless dust ;
Not tossed and driven by violence of winds,
But withering where they sprang, and rotting there.
Long disappointed, disappointed still,
The hopeless man, hopeless in his main wish,
As if returning back to nothing, felt ;
In strange vacuity of being hung ;
And rolled, and rolled his eye on emptiness,
That seemed to grow more empty every hour.

One of this mood I do remember well :
We name him not—what now are earthly names ?
In humble dwelling born, retired, remote ;
In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
And melancholy deserts, where the Sun
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here
And there, watching his little flock, or heard
The ploughman talking to his steers. His hopes,
His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,
Among the dews and holy mountain airs ;
And fancy coloured them with every hue

ON THE DARK SOUL.

Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams
Of childhood fled away—those rainbow dreams
So innocent and fair, that withered Age,
Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,
And passing all between, looked fondly back
To see them once again ere he departed :
These fled away, and anxious thought, that wished
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
Possessed his soul, and held it still awhile.
He listened, and heard from far the voice of Fame,
Heard, and was charmed ; and deep and sudden vow
Of resolution made to be renowned ;
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.
His parents saw—his parents whom God made
Of kindest heart, saw, and indulged his hope.
The ancient page he turned, read much, thought much,
And with old bards of honourable name
Measured his soul severely ; and looked up
To fame, ambitious of no second place.
Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair.
And out before him opened many a path
Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring ;
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,
The harp he loved, loved better than his life,
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held
The ear of thought a captive to its song,
He searched, and meditated much, and whiles,
With rapturous hand, in secret touched the lyre,
Aiming at glorious strains ; and searched again
For theme deserving of immortal verse ;
Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied ;
Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud.
Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
Of ills we mention not : enough to say,

DAWN OF HOPE AND PEACE

'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
One after one, put out, as nearer still
It drew his soul ; but fainted not at first,
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst ;
Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
The bitterest cup that Time could measure out ;
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He called Philosophy, and with his heart
Reasoned. He called Religion, too, but called
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
Ashamed to be o'ermatched by earthly woes,
He sought, and sought with eye that dimmed apace,
To find some avenue to light, some place
On which to rest a hope ; but sought in vain.
Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
At length he sank ; and Disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was past. His interest in life,
In being, ceased ; and now he seemed to feel,
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
The vigorous weak became ; the clear, obscure ;
Memory gave up her charge ; Decision reeled ;
And from her flight Fancy returned, returned
Because she found no nourishment abroad.
The blue heavens withered ; and the moon and sun,
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
And evening withered ; and the eyes, and smiles,
And faces of all men and women, withered,
Withered to him ; and all the universe,
Like something which had been, appeared, but now
Was dead, and mouldering fast away. He tried
No more to hope, wished to forget his vow.

ON THE DARK SOUL.

Wished to forget his harp ; then ceased to wish.
That was his last ; enjoyment now was done.
He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
Of being sensible, and sensible
Of loss, he as some atom seemed, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with ; but back again
To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh ! who can tell what days, what nights he spent,
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe !
And who can tell how many, glorious once,
To others and themselves of promise full,
Conducted to this pass of human thought,
This wilderness of intellectual death,
Wasted and pined, and vanished from the earth,
Leaving no vestige of memorial there !

It was not so with him. When thus he lay,
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
Selecting from its fallen sisters, chase,
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
Eternally ; God passed in mercy by—
His praise be ever new !—and on him breathed,
And bade him live, and put into his hands
A holy harp, into his lips a song,
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time.
Ambitious now but little to be praised
Of men alone ; ambitious most to be
Approved of God, the Judge of all ; and have
His name recorded in the Book of Life.

Robert Pollok.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring Man of griet
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer—"Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

'Twas night, the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was heal'd ;
—I had myself a wound conceal'd ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, 'condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him midst shame and scorn ;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried—"I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes :
He spake : and my poor name He named ;
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed :
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou did'st them unto Me."

James Montgomery.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF
CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bold awful head, O Sovran Blanc!
The Avre and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black;
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from Eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it—
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!
Awake, my Soul, not only passive praise

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE.

Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald; wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called ye forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers,
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE.

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love ;
As to the deep fair ships, which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar ;

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt native falls,
Of roving tired, or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far kenne'd, her chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

William Wordsworth.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy in his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed,
And some a bold, unerring answer made;
How fluttered then, thy anxious heart for me,
Belovèd mother! thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth reappear:
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill-requited by this heart-felt sigh!

Wordsworth.

NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven.
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Uncheck'd as when by merry outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even ;
And soon, full soon, the lonely sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe !
Hopes, fears, in never ending ebb and flow ;—
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to th' Almighty Father looks through all.

Wordsworth.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC domes ! following my downward way,
Untouched by deep regret I marked your fall !
Now ruin, beauty, antient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day ;
For as by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others, gently as we may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them, or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals ?—
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still ;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live.

Wordsworth.

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

YET one song more! one high and solemn strain,
Ere, Phœbus! on thy temple's ruined wall
I hang the silent harp; there may its strings,
When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile,
Make melancholy music. One song more!
Penates! hear me! for to you I hymn
The votive lay—

Venerable powers!
Hearken your hymn of praise! Though from your rites
Estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
I have not ceased to love you, household gods!
In many a long and melancholy hour
Of solitude and sorrow, hath my heart
With earnest longings prayed, to rest at length
Beside your hallowed hearth—for peace is there!

Yes, I have loved you long. I call on you
Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,
Shunning the polish'd mob of human kind,
I have retired to watch your lonely fires,
And commune with myself. Delightful hours,
That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know
All the recesses of my wayward heart,
Taught me to cherish with devoutest care
Its strange unworldly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—to *respect myself*.
Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,
Domestic deities! from the first dawn
Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth,

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

Even to this better day, when on mine ear
The uproar of contending nations sounds
But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse
To tumult. When a child—(and still I love
To dwell with fondness on my childish years)
When first a little one, I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own : sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth ;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew
In years and knowledge, and the course of time
Developed the young feelings of my heart,
When most I loved in solitude to rove
Amid the woodland gloom ; or where the rocks
Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave
Recluse, to sit and brood the future song,—
Yet not the less, Penates, loved I then
Your altars, not the less at evening hour
Delighted by the well-trimmed fire to sit,
Absorbed in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys ;—deceitful dreams—
And yet not vain—for painting purest joys,
They formed to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meads
Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects
The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,
In the noontide hour, and when the night-mist rose,
I have remembered you ; and when the noise
Of lewd intemperance on my lonely ear
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sat,
Pondering on loftiest themes of man redeemed
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,
I blest you, household gods ! because I loved
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the world; still, still my heart
Sighed for your sanctuary, and inly pined;
And loathing human converse, I have strayed
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howled the blast,
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wished
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with peace.

As on the height of some huge eminence,
Reached with long labour, the wayfaring man
Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain,
With many a sore step travelled, turns him then
Serious to contemplate the onward road,
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
To stray no more: I on my way of life
Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,
Where by the evening hearth contentment sits
And hears the cricket chirp; where love delights
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Penates! some there are
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven ye dwell,
Gazing with eye remote on all the ways
Of man, his guardian gods; wiselier they deem
A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the spirits of the dead.
No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world,
No light of human reason penetrate
The depth where truth lies hid. Yet to this faith
My heart with instant sympathy assents;
And I would judge all systems and all faiths

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

By that best touchstone, from whose test deceit
Shrinks like the arch-fiend at Ithuriel's spear,—
Nor can the halls of heaven
Give to the human heart such kindred joy,
As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,
When with the breeze it wantons round the brow
Of one beloved on earth ; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the days
And joys that are no more. Or when, perchance,
With power permitted to alleviate ill,
And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,
Some strange presage the Spirit breathes, and fills
The breast with ominous fear, and disciplines
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires
With heavenly hope. Even as a child delights
To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch, all-anxious, for the promised flower ;
Thus to the blessed spirit in innocence
And pure affections, like a little child,
Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends
Beloved ; then sweetest, if, as Duty prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts have sown
The seeds of truth and virtue, holy flowers,
Whose odour reacheth heaven.

When my sick heart
(Sick with hope long delay'd, than which no care
Presses the crushed heart heavier) from itself
Seeks the best comfort, often have I deemed
That thou didst witness every inmost thought,
Seward ! my dear dead friend ! for not in vain,
O early summoned on thy heavenly course !
Was thy brief sojourn here : me didst thou leave
With strengthened step to follow the right path
Till we shall meet again. Meantime I soothe

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

The deep regret of nature, with belief,
O Edmund! that thine eye's celestial ken
Pervades me now, marking with no mean joy
The movements of the heart that loved thee well!

Hearken your hymn of praise,
Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,
There only to be found. Often at eve,
Amid my wanderings, I have seen far off
The lonely light that spake of comfort there;
It told my heart of many a joy of home,
And my poor heart was sad. When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embowered below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest and call it *home*.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven! havened now,
I think of those in this world's wilderness
Who wander on and find no home of rest
Till to the grave they go!

Household deities!

Then only shall be happiness on earth
When men shall feel your sacred power, and love
Your tranquil joys—

This the state

Shall bless the race redeemed of man!
Heart-calming hope, and sure! for hitherward
Tend all the tumults of the troubled world,
Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
Alike: So He hath will'd Whose Will is just!

Robert Southey.



THOU ART, O GOD.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

THOU ART, O GOD.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine!

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'er-shadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine!

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

Thomas Moore.

THE WIPER AWAY OF TEARS.

Oh, Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes nor cheers,
And even the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd, and banish'd too;
Oh, who would bear Life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day!

Moore.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To tell me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold, material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the MOST HIGH,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

THE RAINBOW.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the Eagle from the Ark
First sported in thy beam ;

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

Thomas Campbell

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with Age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high ;
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go ;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

THE LAST MAN.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, and skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe.
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhor'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire :
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast ;
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !

THE LAST MAN.

No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

Campbell.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Same.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown !

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Lord Byron.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His Cross below,
He follows in His train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel !
Who follows in their train ?

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of Eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? ah! no;
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? ah! no; she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel which shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the Pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no; they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above—
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets thine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

THE THREE TABERNACLES.

The first Tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
The Second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd :
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose to the skies.

Herbert Knowles.

THE TRUE INQUIRY.

THE question is not, if our earthly race
Was once enlighten'd by a flash of grace ;
If we sustain'd a place on Zion's hill
And called Him Lord,—but if we did His will.
What if the stranger, sick and captive lie
Naked and hungry, and we pass them by !
Or do but some extorted pittance throw,
To save our credit, not to ease their woe !
Or, strangers to the charity whence springs
The liberal heart devising liberal things,
We, cumber'd over with our own pursuits,
To others leave the labour and its fruits ;
Pleading excuses for the crumb we save,
For want of faith to cast it on the wave !
Shall we go forth with joy to meet our Lord,
Enter his kingdom, reap the full reward
Can such His good, His faithful servants be,
Bless'd of the Father ? Read His word and see.

Jane Taylor.



MOONLIGHT.

IN part these nightly terrors to dispel,
Giles, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
From the fireside with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orb'd moon salute his eyes,
And through the unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With sauntering step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile ;

MOONLIGHT.

There views the white-robed clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of Heaven.
Low, on the utmost boundary of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light ;
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light ; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair ;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a Flock at rest.
These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting Name.

Eternal Power ! from whom all blessings flow,
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know :
Seed-time and Harvest let me see again ;
Wander the leaf-strewn wood, the frozen plain :
Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,
Here round my home, still lift my soul to Thee :
And let me ever, midst Thy bounties, raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise.

Robert Bloomfield.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant Sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloom'd so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends ;
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly Man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns ;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only Love again !
This spirit not to earth is given ;
One had it—but He came from Heaven ;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made ;
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers and died.

James Edmeston.

THE LILY.

How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What hidden loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily weeps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her pregnant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing ;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth ;

THE LILY.

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O Virgin Queen of Spring !
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' flowery light
In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust,
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal Spring ! shall burst the gloom.

Mary Tighe.



A LAMENT.

THERE was an eye, whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see ;
THERE was an ear that heard untired
What others spoke in praise of me.

A LAMENT.

There was a heart time only taught
With warmer love for me to burn ;
A heart whene'er from home I roved
Which fondly pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed,
E'en short farewells in tones of sadness ;
There was a voice whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind whose vigorous power
On mine its own effulgence threw,
And call'd my humble talents forth,
While thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love, which for my weal
With anxious tears would overflow ;
Which wept, which pray'd, for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—But now !

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever ;
And cold that heart of anxious love,
Which death alone from mine could sever :

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my various tastes to see ;
And oh ! of all the praise I gain'd,
His was the dearest far to me !

Now I unloved, uncheer'd, *alone*,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who heals the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

O Thou ! who from Thy throne on high,
Canst heed the mourner's deep distress ;
O Thou ! who hear'st the widow's cry,
Thou ! Father of the fatherless !

A LAMENT.

Though now I am a faded leaf,
That's sever'd from its parent tree,
And thrown upon a stormy tide,
Life's awful tide that leads to Thee!—

Still, gracious Lord! the voice of praise
Shall spring spontaneous from my breast;
Since, though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is blest.

Amelia Opie.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrating hour
With better hopes be fill'd!

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;—
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee!

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear, .
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart will know no fear ;
Because it rests on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams.

TO MY MOTHER SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, my Mother ! sweet and innocent dreams
Attend thee, best and dearest ! Dreams that gild
Life's clouds like setting suns, with pleasure fill'd,
And saintly joy, such as thy mind beseems,—
Thy mind where never stormy passion gleams,
Where their soft nest the dove-like virtues build,
And calmest thoughts, like violets distill'd,
Their fragrance mingle with bright Wisdom's beams.
Sleep on, my Mother ! not the lily's bell
So sweet ; not the enamour'd west wind's sighs
That shake the dew-drop from her snowy cell
So gentle ; not that dew-drop ere it flies
So pure ! E'en slumber loves with thee to dwell,
Oh, model most beloved of good and wise !

Mary Russell Mitford.



THE CHURCHYARD OF THE VILLAGE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent steps, from stone to stone,
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move !
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying !

THE CHURCHYARD OF THE VILLAGE.

Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion wavering slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved, long, long ago !
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom-feet !
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turn'd where the poor survivor lies
'Mid monitory sanctities !
What years of vanish'd joy are fann'd
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness ! when the Shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears !
Vain hopes ! blind sorrows ! needless fears !

Such is the scene around me now ;
A little churchyard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill ;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill :
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still !
With what a pensive beauty fall,
Across the mossy, mouldering wall,
That rose-tree's cluster'd arches ! See
The robin-red-breast warily,
Bright, through the blossoms, leaves his nest ;
Sweet ingrate, through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the sunny summer hours,
He hides himself among the flowers,
In his own wild festivity.

THE CHURCHYARD OF THE VILLAGE.

What lulling sound and shadow cool
Hangs half the darken'd churchyard o'er,
From thy green depth so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous Sycamore ;
Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at the awful Sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid,
On which they sat, and sang, and pray'd.

Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire, that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To Heaven with all its dreams ;
While in the belfry, deep and low, .
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams,
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,
The voice so lonely seems.

John Wilson.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting Sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
Even in its very motion there was rest ;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departing soul !
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Same.

R E S T.

It is the hush of night ; all sounds of life,
That jarr'd my sick ear through the live-long day,
The scoffer's heartless laugh, the voice of strife,
The murmur of dull talk, are past away ;
My bosom's secret, solitary woes
In the calm lap of silence find repose.

The warm soft arms of sleep are round the world,
The stars are walking on their mute career,
O'er town and waste one boundless gloom is furl'd ;
Half sound, half silence, to the listening ear
There comes a tingling murmur, which doth seem
The everlasting flow of Time's mysterious stream.

The sweet and solemn influence of the hour
Steals o'er me, like the coming on of rest ;
My soul lies hush'd beneath the gentle power ;
The shapes of fear and anguish, that infest
My thoughts by day, seem soften'd now and changed,
Like the relenting looks of one erewhile estranged.

Rest, troubled spirit, rest ! confide in Him,
Whose eye is on thee thro' thy watch of pain ;
When earthly comfort waxeth cold and dim,
Trust thou in that which doth for aye remain.
Thy heart-deep sighs to truth and freedom given,
Can find no answer here ; but they are heard in heav'n.

Sidney Walker.

THE LARK AT THE TOMB.*

OVER that solemn pageant mute and dark,
Where in the grave we laid to rest
Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark !
Hovering in unrebukèd glee,
And carolling above that mournful company ?

O thou light-loving and melodious bird !
At every sad and solemn fall
Of mine own voice, each interval
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard
Thy quivering descant full and clear—
Discord not inharmonious to the ear.

We laid her there, the Minstrel's darling child.
Seem'd it then meet that, borne away
From the close city's dubious day,
Her dirge should be thy native wood-note wild ;
Nursed upon Nature's lap, her sleep
Should be where birds may sing, and dewy flowerets weep ?

Ascendest thou, air-wandering messenger !
Above us slowly lingering yet,
To bear our deep, our mute regret ;
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her
The husband's fondest, last farewell—
Love's final parting pang, the unspoke, the unspeakable ?

* Of Sophia Lockhart, eldest daughter of Walter Scott.

THE LARK AT THE TOMB.

Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice
Our selfish grief, that would delay
Her passage to a brighter day ;
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice
That it hath heavenward flown, like thee,
That spirit from this cold world of sin and sorrow free ?

I watched thee, lessening, lessening to the sight ;
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindling wing,
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light ;
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguish'd part of the bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou !
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home.
Her task of kindness and gladness now
Absolved, with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.

Henry Hart Milman.

Oh help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, Saviour ! from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
Oh ! help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Same.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony ;

GOOD FRIDAY.

By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord ! they know not what they do !"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Milman.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

LORD ! we sit and cry to Thee,
Like the blind beside the way :
Make our darken'd souls to see
The glory of Thy perfect day ;
Lord ! rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight !

Lord ! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun ;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run :
The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God !

THE DEPARTED IN THE LORD.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown ;
From the burthen of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Milman.



A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd,
Still, but with naught of gloom.

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright
On his grey holy hair,
And touch'd the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there!
But, oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun, or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of Immortality!
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives:
While every feature said,—"*I know
That my Redeemer lives.*"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'er-sweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That Home where God is felt.

Felicia Hemans.



EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room

Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom

And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clust'ring locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely! Childhood's lip and cheek,

Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—

Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair and meek,

And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for Eternity!

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
'Midst the dim-folded leaves at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of Spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness,—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship,—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

Hemans.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came sad and dim,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours!

Thomas Hood.



TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one !
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son,
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one !

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow !

Oh, revere her raven hair !
Altho' it be not silver-grey ;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair !

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn !

Hood.

JACOB'S DREAM.—FROM A PICTURE BY ALLSTON.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-Aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air;
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound;
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose:
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclosed;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

JACOB'S DREAM.—FROM A PICTURE BY ALLSTON.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
Like Cherub kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command ;
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom ;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of Heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom Angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

George Croly.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Michaud, in his description of an Egyptian funeral procession which he met on its way to the cemetery of Rosetta, says : "The procession which we saw pass stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemies, to effect a reconciliation before they parted for ever."

SLOWLY, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load.
Oh, Grave ! we come.

Yet, yet—ah ! hasten not
Past each familiar spot
Where he hath been :
Where late he walk'd in glee,
There henceforth to be
Never more seen.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun leave on him
Last looks of light.

Rest ye—set down the bier,
One he loved dwelleth here.
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he came nigh.

Hearken! he speaketh yet—
“Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend more than brother!)
How hand in hand we’ve gone,
Heart with heart link’d in one—
All to each other?

“Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell—
Giv’st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
Oh, friend, farewell!”

Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun leave on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
E'en at his gate—
Will the dead speak again?
Uttering proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

Lo! the dead lips uncloset—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
“Oh thou mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
Ere hence I go.

“Curse not thy foeman now—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pard'ning I past away—
Then wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget.”

Now his last labour's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
Oh, Grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

Caroline Bowles.



THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE.

AUSTRALIA'S land was swarming
With myriads, tier on tier,

THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE.

Like bees, they clung and cluster'd
On wall and pile and pier.

The wanderer and the outcast—
Hope—Penitence—Despair—
The felon and the freeman,
Were intermingling there.

There ran a restless murmur,
A murmur deep, not loud ;
For every heart was thrilling
Thro' all that motley crowd ;

And every eye was straining
To where a good ship lay,
With England's red-cross waving
Above her decks that day.

And comes she, deeply freighted
With human guilt and shame ?
And wait those crowds expectant,
To greet with loud acclaim ?

Or, comes she treasure-laden,
And ache those anxious eyes
For sight of her rich cargo,
Her goodly merchandise ?

See, see ! they lower the long-boat,
And now they man the barge ;
Trick'd out and mann'd so bravely,
For no ignoble charge.

Gold gleams on breast and shoulder
Of England's own true-blue ;
That sure must be the captain,
Salutes his gallant crew.

THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE.

And that the captain's lady
They're handing down the side ;
"Steady, my hearts, now, steady!"
Was that the coxswain cried.

"Hold on," she's safely seated,
"In oars,"—a sparkling splash ;
Hats off on deck—one cheer now—
"Pull hearties!" off they dash.

And now the lines long stretching
Of earnest gazers, strain
(Converging to one centre)
The landing-place to gain.

"A guard, a guard!" in haste then
The governor calls out ;
"Protect the lady's landing
From all that rabble rout."

Her foot is on the gunwale,
Her eye on that turmoil ;
A moment so she lingers,
Then treads Australia's soil.

With looks of humid wonder
She gazes all about ;
And oh! her woman's nature
Calls that no "*rabble rout*."

For well she reads the feeling
Each face expressive wears ;
And well she knows what wakes it—
That precious thing she bears.

That precious thing—oh wondrous !
A spell of potent power ;

THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE.

From English earth transported,
A little lowly flower.

Be blessings on that lady,
Be blessings on that hand ;
The first to plant the Primrose
Upon the Exile's land !

The sound had gone before her,
No eye had closed that night ;
So yearned they for the morrow,
So longed they for the light.

She smiles while tears are dropping,
She holds the treasure high ;
And land and sea resounding,
Ring out with one wild cry.

And sobs at its subsiding
From manly breasts are heard ;
Stern natures, hearts guilt-hardened,
To woman's softness stirred.

One gazes all intentness,
That felon-Boy—and lo !
The bold bright eyes are glistening,
Long, long, unmoistened so.

The woman holds her child up :
“ Look, little one ! ” cries she,
“ I pulled such when as blithesome
And innocent as thee ! ”

No word the old man utters,—
His earnest eyes grow dim ;
One spot beyond the salt sea
Is present now to him.

THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE.

There blooms the earliest primrose,
His father's grave hard by ;
There lieth all his kindred,
There he shall never lie.

The living mass moves onward,
The Lady and her train ;
They press upon her path still,
To look and look again.

Yet on she moves securely,
No guards are needed there ;
Of her they hem so closely
They would not harm a hair.

Be blessings on that Lady !
Be blessings on that hand,
The first to plant the Primrose
Upon the Exile's land !

Caroline Southey.

RIVER ! River ! rapid River,
Swifter now you slip away ;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River ! River ! headlong River,
Down you dash into the sea ;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like Eternity.

Same.



BEREAVEMENT.

I MARK'D when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smiled,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,
A dimpled three years' child.

BEREAVEMENT.

A basket on one tender arm
Contain'd her precious store
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,
Told proudly o'er and o'er.

The other wound with earnest hold
About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told :
So walk'd they side by side.

One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half-blown.
Full joyous on their loving dream
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by: again
That loving pair I met.
On russet heath, and bowery lane,
Th' autumnal sun had set !

And chill and damp that Sunday eve
Breath'd on the mourners' road,
That bright-eyed little one to leave
Safe in the Saints' abode.

Behind, the guardian sister came,
Her bright brow dim and pale—
O cheer thee, maiden ! in His Name,
Who still'd Jairus' wail !

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft
That held by thine so fast,
The fond appealing eye, full oft
Tow'rd thee for refuge cast.

Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone !
No more from stranger's face,
Or startling sound, the timid one
Shall hide in thine embrace.

BEREAVEMENT.

The first glad earthly task is o'er,
And dreary seems thy way.
But what if nearer than before
She watch thee even to-day?

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee
In ways to Angels known?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet :
Away with thoughts of gloom !
In love the loving spirits greet
Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen,
Walk as in hallow'd air.
When foes are strong and trials keen,
Think, "What if she be there?"

John Keble.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind,
So will our joys and griefs appear
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray :
Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day.

Same.



CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS.

WHY so stately, Maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms
With that condescending air ;
Gathering up thy queenly charms,
Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd,
Turns the glowing neck, to chide
Th' irreverent footfall, then makes haste to hide
Again its lustre deep
Under the purple wing, best home of downy sleep ?

CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS.

Not as yet she comprehends
How the tongues of men reprove,
But a spirit o'er her bends,
Train'd in heaven to courteous love,
And with wondering grave rebuke
Tempers, to-day, shy tone and bashful look.
Graceless one, 'tis all of thee,
Who for her maiden bounty, full and free,
The violet from her gay
And guileless bosom, didst no word of thanks repay.

Therefore, lo, she opens wide
Both her blue and wistful eyes—
Breathes her grateful chant, to chide
Our too tardy sympathies.
Little Babes and Angels bright—
They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and night,
How th' all-holy Hand should give,
The sinner's hand in thankfulness receive.
We see it and we hear,
But wonder not: for why? we feel it all too near.

Not in vain, when feasts are spread,
To the youngest at the board
Call we to incline the head,
And pronounce the solemn word.
Not in vain they clasp and raise
The soft pure fingers in unconscious praise,
Taught perchance by pictur'd wall
How little ones before the Lord may fall,
How to His loved caress
Reach out the restless arm, and near and nearer press.

Children in their joyous ranks,
As you pace the village street,
Fill the air with smiles and thanks
If but once one babe you greet.

CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS.

Never weary, never dim,
From Thrones Seraphic mounts th' eternal hymn.
Babes and Angels grudge no praise :—
But elder souls, to whom His saving ways
Are open, fearless take
Their portion, hear the Grace, and no meek answer make.

Save our blessings, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye ;
Teach us for all joys to crave,
Benediction pure and high,
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them won :
Prize them as rich odours, meet
For Love to lavish on His Sacred Feet ;—
Prize them as sparkles bright
Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing well of light.

Keble.

HEARKEN, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good Angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet :—
None of all the wreaths ye prize
But was nursed by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Braced the roots, embalmed the flowers.
So, if e'er that second Spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare.
How should else Earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above ?

Same.



THE WAY TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

SACRED RETIREMENT.

I.

A MOUNTAIN lake, where sleeps the midday Moon,
When beetle booming by is heard no more—

THE WAY TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

'Twixt drowsy hills and sea a sultry noon,
A rural Church, some evening funeral o'er—
A leaf's still image in a fountain hoar—
On cloistral pane the gaze of Saint or Seer,
Suffus'd with lessons sweet of heavenly lore,
And heavenly-rapt affection—These all wear
Calm unalloy'd, but none so deep as lingereth here.

II.

The long green avenue, where light and shade
Chequering the floor, now play, now sleep profound ;
Old pines, the lonely breeze that by them stray'd
Wooing in vain ; old yews, hiding the ground,
Grey oaks, and far-off spires, seem to have found
A voice, while busier sounds are dimly spent,
As waken'd by the stillness. One around,
On pillars of blue light hath spread His tent ;
And walks with us below in silence eloquent.

III.

And now we hear Him : thus when Nature's wheel
Is still, we find ourselves hurrying along ;
In crowds ourselves alone we mostly feel ;
When turbulence of business, and the throng
Of passionate hopes, which unto Earth belong,
And mould too oft from Earth the rebel will,
Sleep ; then we hear the mighty undersong,
To which loud Niagara's voice is still,
And mute the thunders strong which air and ocean fill.

IV.

O heavenly Love, that o'er us, sin defil'd,
With thy blest arm beneath us, leaning low,
Dost watch, fond mother, o'er thy slumbering child,
That still in dreams is tossing to and fro,
And knowing knows thee not ! Aye ! come and go

THE WAY TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

Thy messengers of pity ; from Heaven's door
The star its silver image shoots below,
Seen instantaneous in the wat'ry floor ;
So quick 'tween Earth and Heaven thy beams of mercy pour !

v.

Into my cold and leaden spirit stream,
Out of thy Star of beauty, that doth burn
Around my Saviour's brow ! O grant one beam,
One faint, dim emanation from thine urn,
Which e'en in me may so responsive turn,
Like magnet to thy pole, that I may rove
No longer. I my daily path would earn,
And gather tow'rd the haven ; I would move
On by thy light till lost in everlasting love.

vi.

Oh ! hide me in Thy temple, ark serene,
Where safe upon the swell of this rude sea,
I might survey the stars, Thy towers between,
And might pray always ; not that I would be
Uplifted, or would fain not dwell with Thee
On the rough waters, but in soul within
I sigh for Thy pure calm, serene and free ;
I too would prove Thy temple, 'mid the din
Of earthly things, unstain'd by care or sin !

vii.

Into the deeps, where Ev'ning holds her court,
A feather'd flock are winging their wild flight,
Now gradual fading far, now borne athwart,
And seen again, now lost in Infinite
And Sea of purple ; we, with eager sight,
Would match their soaring wings, as on the swell
Of music, ling'ring in some vaulted height—
Then sink, and feel our chain and earthly cell ;—
When shall the soul be free, and in those glories dwell ?

Isaac Williams.

AUTUMNAL SEED-VESSELS.

BEAUTIFUL urns, that neither spun nor sow'd,
Baring your laden vessels to Heaven's eye,
Like manhood goodly deeds ; 'neath Autumn's sky
Dropping your purple youth, and glittering hood.
What sunbeams build you in your quietude,
So far beyond art's labour'd mimicry ;
Each varied, each their wild variety
In union blend, a sylvan sisterhood !
The hand that spann'd and painted you blue dome,
Is in th' autumnal urn and vernal bell,
Shrining strange beauty in a flow'ret's cell.
Oh, how much more, flower of immortal bloom,
Within thee, and around thee, doth He dwell,
Tempering that shadowy world whose key-stone is the tomb !

Williams.

THE ANGEL OF MARRIAGE.

'TWAS God Himself to Adam brought
His one appointed bride,
And by Himself the gift that wrought,
The gift was sanctified.

And for his son when Abraham sent
To seek the destin'd maid,
God's angel watch before him went,
And all their path array'd.

THE ANGEL OF MARRIAGE.

An angel at Tobias' side
By Tigris' banks is bound,
An unknown yet protecting guide,
Till Sarah hath been found.

I deem that these,—and such as these,
Unknown to sight or sense,
Do speak in marriage destinies
Unwonted providence.

A special guiding beyond all
Mysteriously attends
By Him who makes the secret call,
And hallows all the ends.

And therefore those I deem unwise,
Fond tales of earthly love,
Which seem to trifle with the ties
Hid in God's hand above.

Of patient fear we need far more,
And more of faith's repose,
Of looking more to God before
Till He His will disclose.

For better far than passion's glow,
Or aught of worldly choice,
To listen His own will to know,
And listening hear His voice.

To fear lest led by Heaven's own guide
We have a human will,
Which clings for evil to our side
Its judgments to fulfil.

THE ANGEL OF MARRIAGE.

The ambitious mother,—and the dress—
Alas! they little know
How much more care in caring less,
God's better choice undo.

But this I write, my little child,
Which you one day may read,
To flee such faithless fancies wild,
Thy God thine only need.

And in these thoughts to read the sign
Of nobler things allied,
To know a leading more divine,
A more enduring Bride.

If thus a Watch peculiar waits
On marriages below,
So intertwined with human fates
For this world's weal or woe ;

How beautiful, how sweet the Guide
When God shall send His Dove,
And lead us onward by our side
To everlasting Love !

Williams.



THE DEAD MAN OF BETHANY.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave? .

THE DEAD MAN OF BETHANY.

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

Alfred Tennyson.

MARY AT THE TABLE.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
Whose souls possess themselves so pure,
Oh, is there blessedness like theirs ?

Tennyson.

THE HEART'S WITNESS TO GOD.

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All ; within, without ;
The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I seem beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

Tennyson.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

ONE BY ONE.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide Procter.

NOW.

Rise ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone :
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise ! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret ;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Same.

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
 "Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
 And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
 Need not come in vain ;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
 Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
 "Soon she will forget"—
Bitter truth, alas—but matter
 Rather for regret ;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
 Turn to other things :"
Rather nurse her caged sorrow,
 Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
 And the stranger greet :
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
 But as dear friends meet ;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
 By her dusky wings—
Listening for the murmured blessing
 Sorrow always brings.

Procter.



EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :

EVENING HYMN.

Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy children from on-high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise ;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls :
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose !

Procter.



A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe ;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow ;

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony ;—
This is a Mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath ;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with the close ;—
This is a Mother's grief !

To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years ;
To feel how vain a Father's prayers,
How vain a Mother's tears.
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a Mother's grief.

Yet when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to Heaven,
And think, "My child is *there* !"
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a Mother's grief.

Thomas Dale.

JESUS PAYING TRIBUTE.

HE came! to man from God, to earth from heaven :
He came! the sinless to a world of sin ;
Yet dwelt the fulness of the God within,
And to His sway the conscious earth was given.
All Nature knew the Holiest, as He trod
In mortal form the hill or pastured plain ;
The valleys laugh'd rejoicing—once again
Creation mute ador'd the present God ;
As when of old bright angels left their skies,
And even Jehovah walked in groves of Paradise.

No flower that bloomed beneath Messiah's feet
But shed rich odours, by His footstep pressed ;
No breeze around Him sported, but confessed
The Lord of Nature, scattering incense sweet ;
If wound His upward path the wood-crown'd hill,
The forest waved in gladness ; on the shore
The wild waves crouch'd before him, and forbore
The surge its angry murmurs, strangely still :
All knew their Lord ; rocks, winds, earth, forest, wave !
All but the thankless thing He came to seek and save.

Yet men too knew Him, though but dimly known ;
They knew him not as Godhead ; but they knew
None ever spake like Him ; none else could do
His works of power ; of woman born alone,

JESUS PAYING TRIBUTE.

He swayed the subject elements ; the storm,
Which but obeys Almightyness, to Him
Gave heed, what time amidst the tempest dim
Walked forth upon the wave His awful form ;
He did not wear the crown, or wield the sword,
Yet was He Judah's King, and haughty Cæsar's Lord !

Still veiled in flesh, He willed not to disclaim
The power which Heaven permitted, man obeyed ;
Tribute, as man, the Lord of Nature paid
To those who asked it in the Roman's name,
But paid it as a God. He breathed His word
In silence to the ocean. Ocean knew
His mute command—and Simon, wondering, drew
From its dark depths an offering to the Lord ;
Thus taught He man by whom all power is given,
And on the thrones of earth He flashed the light of Heaven !

“Render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's due ;
From God withhold not God's.”—Thus ran His word
To those who owned Him Master, called Him Lord ;
Their Teacher, and their pure Example too.
Example, O how pure ! to God He gave
Himself, His soul, His strength, His heart, His mind ;
Powers of a God in human form enshrined
To work His Father's will—to die, to save—
Didst Thou such tribute pay to Heaven for me ?
And shall I think it much, dear Lord, to follow Thee ?

Dale.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

THE Kings of old were Kings of pride,
And Earth and Sea combined for them
To grace the regal diadem ;
Ocean its choicest pearl supplied,
The mine its rarest gem.
But when a costlier crown was worn
On earth, by one of woman born,
Than Kings had worn before,
'Twas woven of the tangled thorn ;
And meek the brow, and marr'd and torn
The form of Him who wore.

Where was He crown'd ? In dungeon pale—
Around him dark-brow'd warriors pressed ;
One, mocking, brought the gorgeous vest ;
One bade the silent sufferer "Hail !
King of the Jews confess'd !"
And lo ! upon His bleeding brow
They bind the torturing circlet now ;
Place in His hand the reed,—
A mimic sceptre, "Hail ! O Thou,
To whom the tribes of Israel bow !—
A King !—a King indeed !"

A King indeed ? That nameless One,
Whom priestly hate hath doom'd to die
A death of lingering agony—
Shall He ascend a kingly throne ?—
Hear, Nature ! and reply.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

Answer, ye heavens, in storm and cloud !
Answer, ye rocks ! ye mountains proud,
By earthquakes rent and torn !
Answer, ye graves—your earthly shroud
Rent by His death-cry long and loud !
By whom that crown is worn.

Is He a King—a King indeed ?
And does that wreath of thorns outshine
The treasures of the deep—the mine ?
That sceptre of the bending reed,
Speaks it a sway Divine ?
And can it be that one who sate
On earth forlorn and desolate
Beneath a tyrant's frown,
Shall rise to more than kingly state,
And wield at will the powers of fate,
And tread th' oppressor down ?

Yes ! He shall live as He hath died ;
And storm and thunder, earth and sea,
Friends, angels, men, the bond, the free,
Shall bend before the Crucified !—
The Kings of earth shall be
His ministers—all knees shall bow
To Him ; His praise all tongues avow ;—
That first which scoffs and scorns ;—
When beams upon th' Avenger's brow
A crown of glory, what is now
A Saviour's Crown of Thorns !

Dale.



A TRUANT HOUR.

BONN, JULY 8, 1847.*

* On the Alte Zoll, over the Rhine. The sweet odour of the grape-bloom filled the air ; the heaven was tremulously reflected in the eddies of the river, as the realities of life in the dreams of the sleepers ; and the clocks of the town were telling the hour of the night.

THE golden stars keep watch aloft ;
Unmarked the moments glide along,
Save that around me scatters oft
Yon nightingale his pearls of song :—

A TRUANT HOUR.

The hum of men, the roar of wheels,
That filled the streets erewhile, are gone ;
The inner consciousness but feels
The lordly river rolling on.

The course of thoughts and being, pent
As waters ere they plunge below,
Reflects a downward firmament
Of life and things, in gleamy show.

Thus rest, so hushed with airs of balm
That reach them from their promise land,
The righteous souls, in stillest calm
Laid up in their Redeemer's hand.

All that has been, and all that is,
Back from their thoughts in light is given,
Deep firmaments of inward bliss
Far glittering into distant heaven.

The while, side-heard as in a dream,
The ages strike their solemn chime ;
And from the ancient hills, the stream
Rolls onward of predestined Time.

Henry Alford.

THE LITTLE MOURNER.

“CHILD, whither goest thou
Over the snowy hill?
The frost-air nips so keen,
That the very clouds are still,
From the golden folding curtains
The Sun hath not looked forth,
And brown the snow-mist hangs
Round the mountains to the north.”

“Kind stranger, dost thou see
Yonder church-tower rise,
Thrusting its crown of pinnacles
Into the looming skies?—
Thither go I:—keen the morning
Bites, and deep the snow;
But, in spite of them,
Up the frosted hill I go.”

“Child, and what dost thou
When thou shalt be there?
The chancel-door is shut—
There is no bell for prayer;
Yester-morn and yester-even
Met we there and prayed;
But now none is there
Save the dead lowly laid.”

“Stranger, underneath that tower,
On the western side,
A happy, happy company
In holy peace abide;
My father, and my mother,
And my sisters four—
Their beds are made in swelling turf,
Fronting the western door.”



“Child, if thou speak to them,
They will not answer thee ;
They are deep down in earth—
Thy face they cannot see.

THE LITTLE MOURNER.

Then wherefore art thou going
Over the snowy hill?
Why seek thy low-laid family,
Where they lie cold and still?"

"Stranger, when the summer heats
Would dry their turfy bed,
Duly from this loving hand
With water it is fed;
They must be cleared this morning
From the thick-laid snow;—
So now along the frosted field,
Stranger, let me go."

Alford.

THOU Saviour, who Thyself didst give,
That all the world might turn and live,
Who dost the careless sinner draw
With cords of love to Thy pure law,
Who dost Thy Church with fondness call,
And by Thy grace receivest all;

Behold us, Lord, before Thy throne,
Inspire and make our hearts Thine own:
Bind to Thy Cross our wandering will,
Each act with holy purpose fill;
Our weakness let Thy strength defend,
Thou Author of our faith, and End.

Same.



LAST WORDS.

REFRESH me with the bright-blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet:
Shed not one silly tear;
But when mine eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

LAST WORDS.

I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth ;
My life hath been the shadow of a dream ;
The joyousness of birth
Did ever with me seem :
My spirit had no dearth,
But dwelt for ever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in a golden trance of never-failing mirth.

Touch me once more, my father, ere my hand
Have not an answer for thee ;—kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak ;
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing-band.

Alford.

GLORY of Thy Father's face,
Fountain deep of love and grace,
Who, Lord, can repay Thee thus,
As Thou gav'st Thyself for us ?

What to Thee shall we reply,
Who for us didst bleed and die,
When Thou shalt the question make,
What have ye done for My sake ?

Hard in heart, in action weak,
Lord, Thy grace divine we seek :
Set us from our bondage free ;
Draw us, and we follow Thee.

Same.

HOW WE BURIED HIM.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE CANON CHESSHYRE, CANTERBURY.

WHERE thickest on that eastward hill the grassy mounds are piled,
We laid him till the glorious morn beside his waiting child :
Above, that home of England's faith ; around, the silent dead ;
Beneath, the city in her pomp of ancient towers outspread.

Some might have blamed the swelling tear, and chid the faltering voice,
When Earth below would have us mourn, but Heaven above rejoice :
But down beneath its busy thoughts the Christian heart can weep,
Where meet the springs of joy and woe, ten thousand fathoms deep.

He walked the furnace tied and bound with suffering's galling band,
But One there was, the Son of God, who held him by the hand :
No smell of fire is on him now, no link of all his chains,
The wreck we mourned is pass'd away,—the friend we loved remains.

Let Worcester tell his deeds of love—let Canterbury tell,—
Each sacred roof his labour raised, each flock he watched so well ;
The councils that no more shall hear his zealous words and wise,
The souls that miss him on their path of holy enterprise.

We stood, his brothers, o'er him, in the sacred garb he wore ;
We thought of all we owed him, and of all we hoped for more ;
Our Zion's desolation on every heart fell chill,
As we left him, slowly winding down that ancient eastward hill.

And what if in the distance then some lightsome sounds were heard,
That seem'd to mar the solemn thought and mock the sacred word ?
In air that savour'd yet of death 'twas life sprung up anew :
There yet is youth, there still is hope, there yet are deeds to do.

To our places in the vineyard of our God return we now,
With kindled eye, with onward step, with hand upon the plough :
Our hearts are safer anchored ; our hopes have richer store ;
One treasure more in Heaven is ours ; one bright example more.

Alford.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

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By Nebo's lovely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no one saw it e'er ;
For the Angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on Ocean's cheek
Fades in the setting sun—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crest of verdure waves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So, without sound of musick,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
That grand procession swept.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

Perchance some bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance some lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot ;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums
Follow the funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless steed,
While peals the minute gun.


Amid the noblest of the land
They lay the sage to rest ;
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble drest ;
In the great minster's transept high,
Where lights like glories fall,
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, words half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And had he not high honour?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while Angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
The dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lovely land,
To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
Before the Judgment-day;
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
Thro' Christ th' Incarnate God.

O silent tomb in Moab's land, 
O dark Beth-Peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the sacred sleep
Of him He loved so well.

Unknown.



WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

IF I were thou, O butterfly,
And poised my purple wing to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die,

WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

I would not waste my strength on those,
As thou,—for summer has a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily,

I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou,—that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud,

I would not build my eyrie-throne,
As thou,—upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof, and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed,

I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou,—nor smooth my nostril plain
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
With song at shut-up window heard,
Like Love's sweet Yes too long deferred,

I would not over-stay delight,
As thou,—but take a swallow-flight,
Till the new spring returned to sight.

WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

While yet I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade
As thus, methought, an angel said,—

“If I were *thou* who sing'st this song,
Most wise for others, and most strong
In seeing right while doing wrong,

“I would not waste my cares, and choose,
As *thou*,—to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.

“I would not work where none can win,
As *thou*,—half-way 'twixt grief and sin,
But look above, and judge within.

“I would not let my pulse beat high,
As *thou*,—towards fame's regality,
Nor yet in love's great jeopardy.

“I would not champ the hard cold bit,
As *thou*,—of what the world thinks fit,
But take God's freedom, using it.

“I would not play earth's winter out,
As *thou*,—but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.

“Then sing, O singer!—but allow,
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as *thou*!”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



THE WEAKEST THING.

WHICH is the weakest thing of all
Mine heart can ponder?
The sun, a little cloud can pall
With darkness yonder?
The cloud, a little wind can move
Where'er it listeth?
The wind, a little leaf above,
Though sear, resisteth?

What time that yellow leaf was green,
My days were gladder;
But now, whatever Spring may mean,
I must grow sadder.
Ah, me! a *leaf* with sighs can wring
My lips asunder?
Then is mine heart the weakest thing
Itself can ponder.

THE WEAKEST THING.

Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined
And drop together,
And at a blast which is not wind,
The forests wither,
Thou, from the darkening deathly curse,
To glory breakest,—
The Strongest of the universe
Guarding the weakest!

Browning.

MOTHERS.

LIFE'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.

THE mothers of the human race ;—
A solemn beauty stamps each face ;
Unfathomed love is their embrace ;
They hold a high and holy place,
A place by God appointed !
With altar-fire their bosoms glow ;
A sacred halo spans each brow ;
They are life's guardian-angels now,
Life's hierophants anointed.

A glorious work is yours to do,
Oh ye anointed ! Not the few
Alone are called ! Be pure and true,
For the Great Future springs from you—
All future generations !
Yours is a destiny sublime ;
Yours is all virtue—yours all crime ;
You have the forming of all time,—
The character of nations.

MOTHERS.

Kings may have power, but ye have more ;
Philosophers have sapient lore,
But in your bosoms lies a store
Of wisdom, which is far before
 The wisdom of the sages.
Love, which no injury hath outworn ;
Meek stedfastness, the fruit of scorn ;
And patience, and sweet pity, born
 From the old woe of ages.

Oh wife and mother ! if the stain
Of thy first-born—thy guilty Cain,
Yet on thy furrowed brow remain,
And in thy soul the deathless pain,
 Hath memory yet none other ?
The Christ was also born of thee,
Clasped to thy heart, reared at thy knee ;
God's only Son vouchsafed to be
 Child of a human mother !

And what, though sorrow be thy share,
Though thou shouldst sit, like Mary, where
Thou seest alone, in thy despair,
The cruel Cross—yet God is there,
 And feels thy soul's dejection !
And unto thee, dissolved in tears,
Again the risen Christ appears,
And bids thee tell unwilling ears
 His joyful resurrection !

In every home, in every land,
Mighty in love's great strength ye stand,
And round your knees a growing band
Of sons and daughters, hand in hand,
 Gather in youthful beauty.

MOTHERS.

List to the earnest words they speak :—
“We are but ignorant and weak ;
Show us the things that we should seek ;—
 Make clear the paths of duty !

“We are like little flowers in bud ;
We know not evil yet from good ;
Nor can we reason, if we would,
On that which is not understood ;
 Oh mothers, be our teachers !
Show us the wrong, teach us the right ;
Be unto us as God's own light !
Ye love us—love us—and ye might
 Be our divinest preachers !”

Such are your children's daily cries ;
And by that solemn sacrifice
Which ye beheld with weeping eyes,
And by the truth of Christ's uprise,
 Which first to you was given ;
This is the work ye have to do,
The work which God requires from you !
Fear not ! the faithful and the true
 Are strong in strength from Heaven !

Mary Howitt.

APPROACHING THE UNSEEN.

Behold a pilgrim, staff-sustained and hoary,
Waiting the sunset and the hour of night ;
Standing transfigured, as in floods of glory,
With garments whitened by excess of light.

HOLD me not back, my children ! Let me speed
Onward, and ever onward, for the path
Which the Great Master hath for me decreed
Its lines of glory hath !

The shadows fall behind me ; see ye not
That all is bright towards which my footsteps tend ?
Come onward with me, towards the appointed spot
Which is my journey's end.

Come onward with me, towards the setting sun,—
Towards the new morning portalled by the night,
When the allotted task of life is done,
And darkness merged in light.

See, through the opening vistas of the west,
Bright glimpses of the land toward which I am bound
The crystal-walled city of the Blest,
With angel-watchers round.

Far mountain ridges, gold and amethyst,—
Ascending spires of kingliest palaces ;
And a calm ocean spread like sunlit mist,
Betwixt myself and these !

APPROACHING THE UNSEEN.

And all, as in a light of God doth shine ;
And on the margin of that sunlit shore
I see the loved, the young that once were mine,—
Not dead, but gone before.

And with their hands they beckon unto me,
And with a voice-like melody they say,
"Here, oh belovèd one, we wait for thee,
Until thou pass away!"

“ Until thou pass away from earth and time,—
Till the night-shadows pass, and thou emerge
Into the fulness of the day sublime
Of which thou see'st the verge.

“ Little remains to do as day grows late ;
Only to trust, to love with all thy heart,
To bless, like Christ the Lord ; to stand and wait,
And when He calls, depart ! ”

Thus speak the voices.

Oh accept, my God,
Thy servant's feeble sacrifice of praise,
For that Thy goodness has to me allowed
The fulness of my days!

I praise and bless Thee! bless Thee for the gain
Which, of Thy mercy, life has been to me;
Bless Thee for joy,—bless Thee for grief and pain,
Which brought me nearer Thee!

Lord, when Thou wilt, call Thy servant hence !
But to the last let love my being move ;
Unto the last, like Thee, let me dispense
From Thy great treasury, love !

M. Howitt.



A FATHER'S LAMENT.

Two creatures of a pleasant life were mine ;
My house they filled with a perpetual joy ;
Twin lamps that chased all darkness did they shine,
My fairy girl and merry-hearted boy,
I never dreamt death would their mirth destroy ;
For they were dwelling midst life's freshest springs ;

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

And I was busied with a fond employ,
Ranging the future on hope's fearless wings,
And gathering for them thence, how many pleasant things !

But a dark dream has swept across my brain,
A wild, a dismal dream that will not break ;
A rush of fear, an agony of pain—
Pangs and suspense that inly make me quake.
My boy ! my boy ! I saw thy sweet eyes take
A strange, unearthly lustre, and then fade ;
And oh ! I deemed my heart must surely break
As, stooping, I thy pleasant looks surveyed,
And felt that thou must die, and they in dust be laid.

Oh ! precious in thy life of happiness !
Daily and hourly valued more and more !
Yet, to the few brief days of thy distress
How faint all love my spirit knew before !
I turn and turn and ponder o'er and o'er,
Insatiate, all that sad and dreary time.
Thy words thrill through me ;—in my fond heart's core
I hoard thy sighs, and tears shed for no crime,
And thy most patient love sent from a happier clime.

How dim and dismal is my home !—a sense
Of thee spreads through it, like a haunting ill :—
For thou—for ever—thou hast vanished thence !
This, this pursues me, pass where'er I will ;
And all the traces thou hast left but fill
The hollow of thine absence with more pain.
I toil to keep thy living image still,
But fancy feebly doth her part maintain,
I see, yet see thee not, my child ! as I would fain.

In dreams for ever thy dear form I grasp ;
In noonday reveries do I rove—then start,
And certainty, as with an iron clasp,

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

Shuts down once more to misery my heart.
The world from thee, as a shorn flower, doth part,
Ending its care and knowledge with—"farewell!"
But in my soul a shrined life thou art,
Ordained with memory and strong hope to dwell,
And with all pure desires to sanctify my cell.

Spring like a spirit is upon the earth—
Forth gush the flowers and fresh leaves of the tree;
And I had planned, with wonder and with mirth,—
The bird, the nest, the blossom, and the bee,
To fill thy boyish bosom—till its glee
O'erflowed my own with transport! In far years
I felt thy hand in mine, by stream and lea
Wandering in gladness. But these blinding tears,
Why will they still gush forth, though richer hope appears?

Far other lands thy happy feet have trod;
Far other scenes thy tender soul has known;
The golden city of the Eternal God;
The rainbow splendours of the Eternal Throne.
Through the pearl-gate how lightly hast thou flown!
The streets of lucid gold—the chrysolite
Foundations have received thee.—Dearest one
That thought alone can break affliction's might—
Feeling that thou art blest, again my heart is light.

Thanks to the Framers of life's mystery!
Thanks to th' Illuminator of the grave!
Vainly on Time's obscure and tossing sea
Hope did I seek and comfort did I crave;
But He who made neglecteth not to save.
My child!—thou hast allied me to the blest;
I cannot fear what thou didst meekly brave;
I cannot cease to long with thee to rest—
And heaven is doubly heaven with thee, with thee possest!

William Howitt.

TO A FLOWER.

THE sun awakes thee with his rosy light,
And the sun cheers thee with his early rays ;
He culls thy tender beauty from the night,
To share the strength and glory of his days.

He smiles upon thee from the misty hills—
With fervent love looks on thee from deep skies,
And what of dewy sweet his warmth distils,
Receives, repaying thee with lovelier dyes.

Thou art not proud that he does look on thee ;
As thou didst know his greatness thou art meek ;
And seem a pledge of thine humility,
This dewy tear, and tint upon thy cheek.

Thou livest not unto thyself alone ;
Thou takest, and thou givest, and art blest :
Around to thankful life thy sweets are blown,
And I seem thankless, wakeful, or at rest.

Oh, might I raise me from the darkness up,
From the soul's night as thou dost from the sod,
And fill my heart with dewy thoughts—a cup
Of incense purely offer'd unto God !

Richard Howitt.

COUPLETS.

THE treasures lodged so low, earth's damps will soon consume
While time is, lift them up into a higher room.

Only the waters which in perfect stillness lie,
Give back an undistorted image of the sky.

Despise not little sins ; the gallant ship may sink,
Though only drop by drop the watery tide it drink.

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine own heart,
As undiscovered land set down the largest part.

Envy detects the spots in the clear orb of light,
And Love the little stars in the gloomiest saddest night.

Resigned are some to go : might we such grace attain
That we should need our resignation to remain.

The same rains rain from heaven on all the forest trees,
Yet those bring forth sweet fruits, and poisonous berries these.

A thousand blessings, Lord, to us Thou dost impart :
We ask one blessing more, O Lord—a thankful heart.

All nature has a voice, and this the sunflower's word,
" I look unto the light—look thou unto the Lord."

Oh wherefore in such haste in men's sight to appear ?
The cedar yields no fruit until its fiftieth year.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE BANQUET.

FIVE hundred princely guests before
Haroun-Al-Raschid sate ;
Five hundred princely guests or more
Admired his royal state ;

For never had that glory been
So royally displayed,
Nor ever such a gorgeous scene
Had eye of man surveyed.

He, most times meek of heart, yet now
Of spirit too elate,
Exclaimed—"Before me Cæsars bow,
On me two empires wait.

"Yet all our glories something lack,
We do our triumphs wrong,
Until to us reflected back
In mirrors clear of song.

"Call him then, unto whom this power
Is given, this skill sublime—
Now win from us some gorgeous dower
With song that fits the time."

"My King, as I behold thee now,
May I behold thee still,
While prostrate worlds before thee bow,
And wait upon thy will !

THE BANQUET.

“ May evermore this clear blue heaven,
Whence every speck and stain
Of trouble far away is driven,
Above thy head remain ! ”

The Caliph cried—“ Thou wishest well ;
There waits thee golden store
For this—but, oh ! resume the spell,
I fain would listen more.”

“ Drink thou life’s sweetest goblet up,
O King, and may its wine,
For others’ lips a mingled cup,
Be all unmixed for thine.

“ Live long,—the shadow of no grief
Come ever near to thee ;
As thou in height of place art chief,
So chief in gladness be.”

Haroun-Al-Raschid cried again—
“ I thank thee—but proceed,
And now take up a higher strain,
And win a higher meed.”

Around that high magnific hall,
One glance the Poet threw,
On courtiers, king, and festival,
And did the strain renew.

—“ And yet, and yet,—shalt thou at last
Lie stretched on bed of death :
Then, when thou drawest thick and fast
With sobs thy painful breath—

“ When Azrael glides through guarded gate,
Through hosts that camp around
Their lord in vain, and will not wait,—
When thou art sadly bound

THE BANQUET.

"Unto thine house of dust alone,
O King, when thou must die,—
This pomp a shadow thou shalt own,
This glory all a lie."

Then darkness on all faces hung,
And through the banquet went
Low sounds the murmuring guests among
Of angry discontent ;

And him anon they fiercely urge—
"What guerdon shall be thine?
What does it, this untimely dirge,
'Mid feasts, and flowers, and wine !

"Our lord demanded in his mirth,
A strain to heighten glee ;
But, lo ! at thine his tears come forth
In current swift and free."

—"Peace—not to him rebukes belong,
But rather highest grace ;
He gave me what I asked, a song
To fit the time and place."

All voices at that voice were stilled ;
Again the Caliph cried—
"He saw our mouths with laughter filled,
He saw us drunk with pride ;

"And bade us know that every road,
By monarch trod, or slave,
Thick set with thorns, with roses strow'd,
Doth issue in the grave."

Trench.

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent ;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing, did begin :
“Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet am I most so now ; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich precious gems they were ;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you ? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring ?—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee.”

THE LENT JEWELS.

“What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part;
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“Good is the word,” she answered; “may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!”
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale, and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.

Trench.

P R A Y E R.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait—
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel hands from heaven are scattering gold.

Same.

A LETTER IN BLACK.

A FLOATING on the fragrant flood
Of summer,—fuller hour by hour,—
With all the sweetness of the bud
Crowned by the glory of the flower ;
My spirits with the season flowed ;
The air was all a breathing balm ;
The lake so softly sapphire glowed ;
The mountains lay in royal calm.

Green leaves were lusty ; roses blusht
For pleasure in the golden time ;
The birds thro' all their feathers flusht
For gladness of their marriage prime :
Languid, among the lilies I threw
Me down, for coolness, 'mid the sheen :
Heaven—one smile of brooding blue,—
Earth—one large smile of basking green.

A rich suspended shower of gold
Hung o'er me, my Laburnum crown,
You look up heavenward and behold,
It glows, and comes in glory down !
There, as my thoughts of greenness grew
To fruitage of a leafy dream,—
There, friend, your letter thrill'd me thro',
And all the summer day was dim.

A LETTER IN BLACK.

The world, so pleasant to the sight,
So full of voices blithe and brave,
And all her lamps of beauty alight
With life! I had forgot the Grave:
And there it opened at my feet,
Revealing a familiar face
Upturned, my whitened look to meet,
And very patient in its place.

My poor bereaven friend! I know
Not how to word it, but would bring
A little solace for your woe,—
A little love for comforting:
And yet the best that I can say
Will only help to sum your loss;
I can but look above, and pray
God help my friend to bear his Cross.

God knows, and we may some day know,
These hidden secrets of His love;
But now the stillness stuns us so;
Darkly, as in a dream, we move.
The glad life-pulses come and go,
Over our head and at our feet;
Soft airs are sighing something low;
The flowers are saying something sweet;

And 'tis a merry world. The lark
Is singing over the green corn;
Only the house and heart are dark,—
Only the human world forlorn.
There, in the bridal chamber, lies
A dear bed-fellow all in white;
That purple shadow under the eyes,
Once swimming in their liquid night.

A LETTER IN BLACK.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk ;
The music of her laugh so dear,
Heard in home-ways, and wedded walk,
For many and many a golden year ;
The singing soul and shining face,
Daisy-like glad by roughest road ;
(Gone ! with a thousand dearnesses
That hid themselves from us and glowed.

The waiting Angel, patient Wife,
All thro' the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetness on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified !
When waves of trouble beat breast high
And the heart sank, she poured a balm
That stilled them ; and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world with harvest ripe
In all its golden fulness lay ;
And God, it seemed, saw fit to wipe,
Even on earth, all tears away ;
The good true heart that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face and fall ;
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end. And is this all ?

Our joy was all a drunken dream ;
This is the truth at waking ! we
Are swept out rootless by the stream
And current of Calamity—
Out on some lone and shoreless sea
Of solitude so vast and deep,
As 'twere a wrong Eternity,
Where God is not, or gone to sleep.

A LETTER IN BLACK.

It seems as tho' our darling dead,
Startled at Death's so sudden call,
With falling hands and dear bowed head
Had, like a flower-filled lap, let fall
A hoard of treasures we have found
Too late! so slow doth wisdom come!
We for the first time look around
Remembering this is not our home.

My friend, I see you with your cup
Of tears and trembling—see you sit;
And long to help you drink it up,
With useless longings infinite!—
Sit rocking the old mournful thought,
That on the heart's-blood will be nurst,
Unless the blessed tears be brought;
Unless the cloudy sorrows burst.

The little ones are gone to rest,
And for awhile they will not miss
The Mother-wings above the nest;
But down a dream they feel her kiss,
And in their sleep will sometimes start,
And toss wild arms for her caress,
With moanings that might thrill a heart
In heaven with divine distress.

And Sorrow on your threshold stands,
The Dark Ladye in gloomy pall;
I see her take you by the hands;
I feel her shadow over all.
Hers is no warm and tender clasp;
With silence solemn as the night,
And veiled face, and mighty grasp,
She leads her Chosen up the heights:

A LETTER IN BLACK.

The cloudy crags are cold and gray,
You cannot scale them without scars ;
How many Martyrs throng the way,
Who never reacht her tower of stars !—
But there her beauty shall be seen,
Her glittering face so meekly pure ;
And all her majesty of mien ;
And all her guerdon shall be sure.

Well ! 'Tis not written, God will give
To His Belovèd only rest !
The hard life of the Cross they live,
They strive, and suffer, and are blest.
The feet must bleed to reach their throne,
The brow must burn before it bear
One of the crowns that may be won,
By workers for immortal wear.

Dear friend, life beats tho' buried 'neath
Its long black vault of night ! and see
There trembles thro' this dark of death,
Starlight of immortality !
And yet shall dawn the eternal day
To kiss the eyes of them that sleep ;
And He shall wipe all tears away
From tired eyes of them that weep.

'Tis something for the poor bereaven,
In such a weary world of care,
To think that we have friends in heaven,
Who helpt us here, may aid us there.
These yearnings for them set our arc
Of being widening more and more,
In circling sweep thro' outer dark
To-day more perfect than before.

A LETTER IN BLACK.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
Must live in other worlds to be ;
On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
For that Love has eternity.
Love deep as death, and rich as rest ;
Love that was Love, with all Love's might ;
Level to needs the lowliest ;
Will not be less Love at full-height.

Tho' earthly forms be far apart,
Spirit to spirit may be nigher ;
The music chord the same at heart
Though one should range an octave higher.
Eyes watch us that we cannot see ;
Lips warn us which we may not kiss ;
They wait for us, and tenderly
Lean toward us from their Home of Bliss.

We cannot see them face to face,
But Love is nearness ; and they love
Us yet, nor change, with change of place,
In their more loving world above,
Where Love, once true, hath never ceast,
And dear eyes never lose their shine,
And there shall be a Marriage Feast,
Where Christ shall once more make the wine.

Gerald Massey.

EASTER EVE

ALL is o'er;—the pain, the sorrow,—
Human taunts, and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him
Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes;—
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

Whither hath His soul departed?—
Roams it on some blissful shore,
Where the meek and faithful-hearted,
Vext by this world's hate no more,
Wait, until the trump of doom
Call their bodies from the tomb?

Or, on some benignant mission,
To the imprison'd spirits sent,
Hath He to their dark condition
Gleams of hope and mercy lent?—
Souls not wholly lost of old,
When o'er Earth the deluge roll'd!

EASTER EVE.

Ask no more ;—the abyss is deeper
E'en than angels' thoughts may scan ;
Come and watch the heavenly Sleeper ;
Come and do what mortals can,
Reverence meet toward Him to prove,
Faith, and trust, and humble love.

Far away, amidst the regions
Of the bright and balmy east,
Guarded by angelic legions
Till Death's slumber shall have ceast,
(How should we its stillness stir ?)
Lies the Saviour's sepulchre.

Far away ;—yet thought would wander
(Thought by Faith's sure guidance led),
Farther yet to weep and ponder
Over that sepulchral bed.
Thither let us haste and flee
On the wings of phantasy.

Haste, from every clime and nation,
Fervent youth, and reverend age ;
Peasant, prince,—each rank and station,
Haste, and join this pilgrimage.
East and west, and south and north,
Send your saintliest spirits forth.

Mothers, ere the curtain closes
Round your children's sleep to-night,
Tell them how their Lord reposes,
Waiting for to-morrow's light ;
Teach their dreams to Him to rove,
Him who loved them, Him they love.

EASTER EVE.

Matron grave and blooming maiden,
Hoary sage and beardless boy,
Hearts with grief and care o'er-laden,
Hearts brimful of hope and joy,
Come and greet, in death's dark hall,
Him who felt with, felt for all.

Men of God, devoutly toiling
This world's fetters to unbind ;
Satan of his prey despoiling
In the hearts of human kind ;
Let, to-night, your labours cease,
Give your care-worn spirits peace.

Ye who roam o'er seas and mountains,
Messengers of love and light ;
Ye who guard Truth's sacred fountains
Weary day and wakeful night ;
Men of labour, men of lore,
Give your toils and studies o'er.

Dwellers in the woods and valleys,
Ye of meek and lowly breast ;
Ye who, pent in crowded alleys,
Labour early, late take rest ;
Leave the plough, and leave the loom,
Meet us at our Saviour's tomb.

Lo, His grave ! the grey rock closes
O'er that virgin burial-ground ;
Near it breathe the garden roses,
Trees funereal droop around ;
In whose boughs the small birds rest,
And the stock-dove builds her nest.

EASTER EVE.

And the moon with floods of splendour
Fills the spicy midnight air ;
Tranquil sounds and voices tender
Speak of life and gladness there.
Ne'er was living thing, I wot,
Which our Lord regarded not.

Bird, and beast, and insect rover,—
E'en the lilies of the field,
Till His gentle life was over,
Heavenly thought to Him could yield,
All that is to Him did prove
Food for Wisdom, food for Love.

But the hearts that bow'd before Him
Most of all to Him were dear ;
Let such hearts to-night watch o'er Him,
Till the day-spring shall appear ;
Then a brighter sun shall rise
Than e'er kindled up the skies.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chaunt His requiem, soft and low ;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow.
"Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumph'd, Christ doth reign."

John Moultrie.



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the Autumn leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day :

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and
stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE PAST.

THEY have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

Samr.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

•

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning-star,
The ghastly host was dead.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning-star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

H. W. Longfellow

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
THERE is no fire-side, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

RESIGNATION.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian Angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

THE SAINTS OF GOD.

A FEW bright leaders of her host,
God's glory, and the Church's boast,
She hath set forth, and mark'd by name,
Fair in the lists of holy fame ;
To cheer the many with the few,
And show what grace in man can do.

Back from their helms of Hope divine
Reflected sunbeams flash and shine,
Marking where gallant warriors stand,
With buckler poised, and sword in hand,
First of the martyr army they,
To lead it on at dawn of day.

But as, behind those stars most bright
Which meet us in the front of night,
Myriads on myriads have their place,
Far in the hidden realms of space,
Unseen by man, but, to the eye
Of God, as bright as those more nigh ;—

So in His Church have ever been
Thousands, whom none but He hath seen,
Yet in His eye as bright and fair,
As martyrs and apostles were,
Who, tho' their lives seem still and calm,
Shall wear the Martyr's Crown and Palm.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

Here upon earth they were unknown,
But there's a Book before the Throne—
The Book of Life—in which the Lord
Doth all the lives of Saints record;
And, in the day when He doth 'spare,'
Their names shall be found written there.

O what a blest 'communion' bond
Of fellowship most full and fond,
Christ's mystic body doth entwine,
'Together knit,' with words divine,
One life electric thro' them all,
On to the Judgment from the Fall.

One 'Family in heaven and earth,'
Bound by the ties of second birth;
None dead, tho' some their work have done,
Their battle fought, their freedom won;
All in the Lord alive and blest,
Tho' some may toil, and some may rest.

Their earthly home a nameless spot,
Unknown, or haply long forgot;
Where in some mountain village rude,
Or city's crowded solitude,
Their gentle lives did meekly move,
In the still ways of earnest love.

On beds of noisome sickness laid,
In poverty's depressing shade,
Struggling against the world's distress
With unrepining gentleness,
Their robes unspotted, tho' the road
Was deep and rough that led to God.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

Their simple lives exalted high
By unaffected piety ;
Tho' sad and sombre in their hue,
And common-place in all they do,
This colouring of the rainbow take,
That all is done for Jesu's sake.

'Twas ever thus from earliest time,
That God's elect, in every clime,
Tho' hidden deep, and unobserved,
Like scatter'd salt, have still preserved
His blessing, (lest it turn again,)
To the rebellious sons of men.

And when in solemn judgment state
He holds His Court, a throng so great
Shall rise before th' astonish'd sight,
Bearing their palms, and 'clothed in white ;'
'No man could number' those who'll stand,
In that great day, at God's right hand.

His scattered treasures He will claim,
So dear He knows them all by name ;
When He makes up the precious store,
And counts His 'jewels' o'er and o'er,—
Of all that were on earth His care,
Not one shall be found wanting there.

How solemn then this day's return
To all who for some loved one mourn ;
It soothes the heart, it sheds a grace
Of glory round that vacant place,
Which ever, on our brightest mood,
Will its dull emptiness intrude.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

It speaks of life's unfailing breath,
Where we, despondent, think of death ;
It tells of glory, and of gain,
Where we see loss and dreary pain ;
The upper world it doth reveal,
And what we see not makes us feel.

We breathe again the breath of flowers,
That round us bloomed in vanished hours ;
We commune with the spirit-band,
Walk with them thro' the happy land,
Still hear each old familiar tone,
And feel that they are still our own ;—

And closer draw to Christ our Head,
Link of the living with the dead :
And, lifting up our hearts on high,
This All-Saints' benediction sigh—
"God give us grace, to see His face,
And meet our own in the happy place."

John S. B. Monsell.

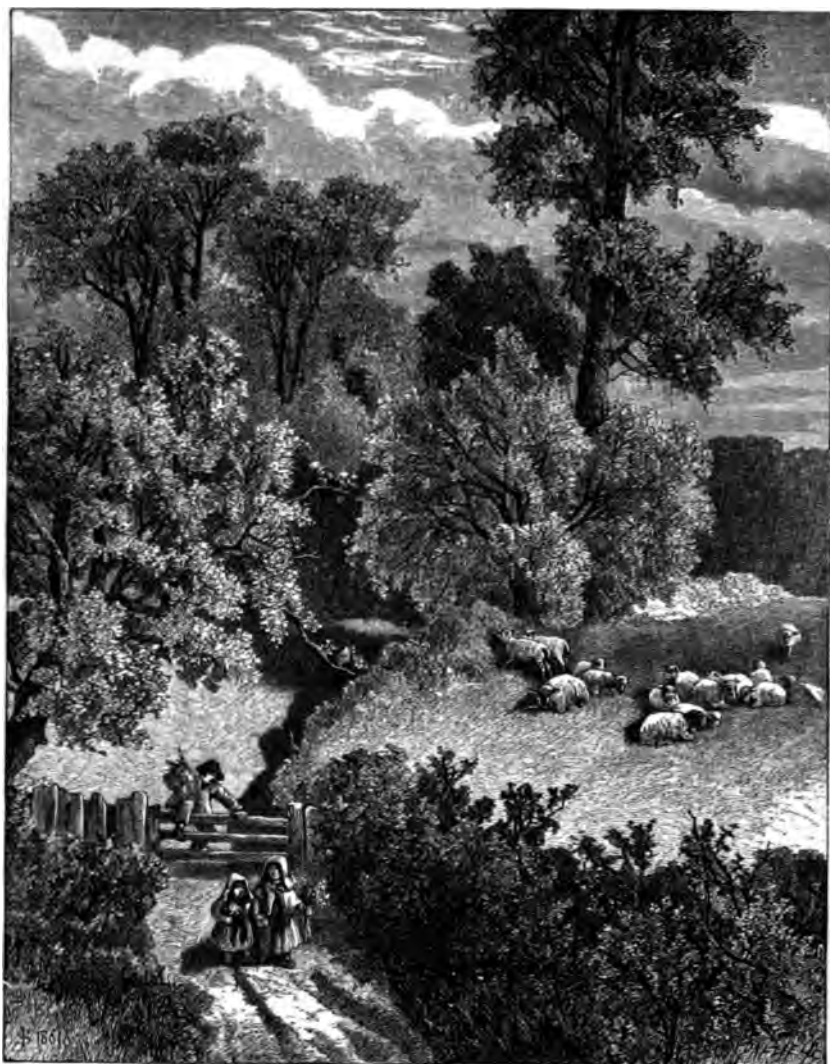
ST. MATTHEW.

THE tide of life was at its flow,
Rose higher day by day ;
But he a higher life would know
Then that which round him lay.

O Saviour! when prosperity
Makes this world hard to leave,
And all its 'poms and vanity'
Their meshes round us weave,

O grant us grace, that to Thy call
We may obedient be ;
And, cheerfully forsaking all,
May follow only Thee !

Same.



TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

ALL around the gracious seasons,
Breath of Heav'n, of grace remind,
Whispering unto faith such reasons
As in Nature's Book they find.

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

Gloomy Winter comes, and teaches
Unto all its tale of death,
Spring the Resurrection preaches,
With its life-reviving breath.

Summer-blooms with glorious promise
Tell of manhood's opening day ;
Autumn comes, to gather from us
Golden harvests on life's way.

Gentle dews at evening falling
Tree, and leaf, and flow'r renew,
Grateful memory recalling
Of the Spirit's kindly dew.

God is all about us, guiding
Day by day His perfect plan,
And insensibly providing
For the thousand wants of man.

Stay the dews, or check the showers,
Let the sunshine cease to fall,
Wither hopes, and hearts, and flowers,
Buds and blossoms, wither all.

God is over, God is under,
God is all around our way,
Deeds of mercy, deeds of wonder,
Wait upon us day by day.

Not alone His Angels tend us,
With their kind and holy care,
Nature's influences befriend us,
Cherish faith, and answer prayer.

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

Messengers from Heaven, they teach us
All their wise and blessed parts,
If we only let them reach us
Thro' the doors of open hearts.

Thus not only in the shadow
Of His house, where we have knelt,
But in wood and sunny meadow,
Hill or dale, He's found and felt.

Wheresoe'er our footsteps wander,
Grace and Nature teach His love,
Guide us here, and lift us yonder,
Where He dwells in light above.

Holy Spirit! morn and even,
Still and soft as gentle dew,
Drop into our souls from Heaven,
And their languid life renew,

Till each heart with Thee o'erflowing
Bends, like flowers surcharged with rain,
To arise, more glad and glowing,
In the light of Heav'n again.

John S. B. Monsell.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

At Salem, in America, two young Quakers, brother and sister, were fined ten pounds each, for non-attendance at church, and were unable to pay. The General Court at Boston issued an order empowering the Treasurer of the County "to sell the said persons to answer said fines." The attempt to execute the order failed.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful Three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
My grated window whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sate unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there,—the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed!"

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

“Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“And what a fate awaits thee! a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!”

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer
To feel—Oh, Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an Angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Slow broke the cold gray morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke,
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped, and grave, and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and bold,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk, at hand,
Sate dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said :
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker Maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seaman !" no voice, no sign replied ;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear,—
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear !"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, I saw it in his eye ;
And when again the sheriff spake, that voice so kind to me
Growled back his stormy answer like the roaring of the sea :

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me ! I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away !"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws !"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold ?"

I looked on haughty Endicott ; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion-glare of bitter hate and scorn ;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul ;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way ;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of Life ! To Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free :
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid !

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm ;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good Angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon the strong.
Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !
Wo to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour :

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save.

MY PSALM.

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good :

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
Thro' Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges over-past,
In purple distance fair :

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

Whittier.



THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

How mildly on the wandering crowd
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

William Peabody.

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP RAVENSCROFT.

THE good old man is gone !
He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labours all are done,
And the work that he loved the best.
The good old man is gone—
But the dead in the Lord are blest.

I stood in the holy aisle,
When he spake the solemn word
That bound him, through care and toil,
The servant of the Lord :
And I saw how the depths of his manly soul
By that sacred vow were stirred.

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP RAVENSCROFT.

And nobly his pledge he kept—
For the truth he stood up alone,
And his spirit never slept,
And his march was ever *on* !
Oh ! deeply and long shall his loss be wept,
The brave old man that's gone.

There were heralds of the Cross,
By his bed of death that stood,
And heard how he counted all but loss,
For the gain of his Saviour's blood ;
And patiently waited his Master's voice,
Let it call him when it would.

The good old man is gone !
An apostle's chair is void ;
There is dust on his mitre thrown,
And they break his pastoral rod !
And the fold of his love he has left alone,
To account for its care to God.

The brave old man is gone !
With his armour on he fell ;
Nor a groan nor a sigh was drawn,
When his spirit fled, to tell ;
For mortal sufferings, keen and long,
Had no power his heart to quell.

The good old man is gone !
He is gone to his saintly rest,
Where no sorrow can be known,
And no trouble can molest ;
For his crown of life is won,
And the dead in Christ are blest !

George W. Doane.

FIELDS AND WOODS PRAISING GOD.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field.—MATTHEW xiii. 44.

ALL in a golden morning,
In the golden time of the year,
I roam, with the breeze upon my cheek,
And the lark's song in my ear :
The song of the musical lark !
Falling fresh and clear,
Like a rain of tremulous melody
Through the dewy atmosphere !

Sweet are earth's thousand voices,
Sweet are the songsters' lays,
Ringing around me as I stroll
Along the silent ways ;
And out of my heart's full happiness
I join the hymn of praise,
To Him that bought me for His own, ·
And keepeth me all my days.

Oh ! wheresoever I wander,
By meadow, or stream, or lea,
Out on the open heath-lands,
Or under the greenwood tree,
Listing the strains of the country-side,
Or the roll of the stormy sea ;
Teach me—O Lord, my Master—
Teach me to think of Thee !

FIELDS AND WOODS PRAISING GOD.

Then, shut in the earth's deep bosom,
Let gems and treasures shine,
Brighter jewels shall gleam for me,
And a richer field be mine ;
Every voice of the beautiful earth
Shall chant me a song divine,
And the burden ever shall be, "O Lord,
All that we have is Thine."

W. E. Littlewood.

A BALLAD WITH A MORAL.

Shaw mentions a well in Barbary with the inscription, *Drink and away!* the place being infested by robbers.

DRINK and away! 'twere sweet to lie
By fountain-side, and dream
Of garden fair, of purple sky,
And ever-flowing stream ;
And pleasant now to weary limb
Tall grass in noon of day,
The shady palms so cool and dim—
But linger not.—Away !

In Moorish land, on crystal well,
Lone traveller may see,
Where merchants sleep with camel bell,
The warning—" Drink and Flee."
Arrow from sounding bow may leap,
And wandering robber spear
Blaze on the tranquil hour of sleep,
By water soft and clear.

So Pilgrim o'er the waste of Earth
By Well of Pleasure lies,
And hears the wakeful harp of mirth,
Beholds the bright stars rise ;
Let him beware, in stealthy snare,
Foes of his soul at night
With poison'd darts may wound him there—
Drink !—and away in flight !

A BALLAD WITH A MORAL.

In Hebrew land, by fountain brink,
Long vanish'd years ago,
A Holy Traveller stoop'd to drink
In summer evening's glow :—
He gave the stranger's lip a spring
That cheers in hottest day,
The Water of Life which Faith can bring,
Nor bids us, Drink !—Away !

Aris Willmott.

SATURDAY EVENING.

From thy clear steep—Thought's border-tower—
While Mem'ry's rays th' horizon streak,
I gaze on brook, and tree, and flower,
That spot the journey of a week.

If but one fleeting hour well spent
The barren field of life inlays,
Like little sparkling streamlet, sent
To cheer worn grass in dusty ways :—

If one swift minute, upward turn'd
As leafy hamlet's sun-lit spire,
Lifted my heart to God, and burn'd
With one gleam of His hallow'd fire !

While Folly's colour'd vapour flies,
And Pleasure's road winds out of sight,
I see that lustrous minute rise,
To gild thee with its parting light.

Thrice happy he whose foot ascends
Thy path o'er-shone by Sunday meek,
Dear Eve ! while calm and green extends
The fruitful landscape of the week !

Same.



THE LAST OF SEVEN.

NAY, be not angry, chide her not,
Although the child has err'd,
Nor bring the tears into her eyes,
By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnet sang, before
Our summer roses died,
A sister's arm was round her neck,
A brother at her side.

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

But now in grief she walks alone,
By ev'ry garden bed ;
That sister's clasping arm is cold ;
That brother's voice is fled.

when she sits beside my chair,
With face so pale and meek,
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
The tear upon her cheek.

Then chide her not ; but whisper now,
" Thy trespass is forgiven ;"—
How canst thou frown in that pale face ?
She is the last of seven !

Aris Willmott.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

The visit of *Æneas* to the Sibyl's cave, and the plucking of the Bough, which conducted him to his father, are in the recollection of every reader.

THE Dardan Wanderer, doom'd to flee
O'er ocean desert wide,
Still pin'd his father's face to see,
Still for his father sigh'd.

Long time he sigh'd, nor sigh'd in vain ;
And now his heart beats high ;
Blest promise of the Sibyl-strain,
The lonely wood is nigh.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

In doubt and fear he lingers—lo !
He sees a shadow pass ;
Two doves in all their silver glow,
Alight upon the grass.

Dear messengers of hope from heaven,
Before his eyes they glide ;
And, look,—the sacred Bough is given ;
His father at his side !

Sweet tale in fancy's colours drawn ;
And has the hand of Light
No moral of a fairer dawn
In picture-song to write ?

Have we no path of gloom to trace,
No dark cave to descend,
No Bough death's gath'ring cloud to chase,
No Prophet for our friend ?

Have we no vanish'd face to seek ?
No hand that dried our tear ?
No lip that lov'd our childish cheek ?
No voice that sooth'd us here ?

Though faded now the Eden rose,
Still, ever in its youth,
The Tree of Heavenly Wisdom grows,
In Paradise of Truth.

Pluck this bright Bough of gold ! and soon
By Dove of Beauty led,
Thy prayer shall reap a richer boon,
A Father crown thy head.

Aris Willmott.



A CHILD IN PRAYER.

FOLD thy little hands in pray'r,
By thy list'ning mother's knee;
Now, while thy sunny face is fair,
Sweet-shining through thine auburn hair,
Thine eyes are frank and free;
And loving thoughts, like garlands, bind
To thy dear home thy trusting mind.

A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Thy young heart, as a summer bird,
All day warbles in its nest ;
Nor evil thought, nor unkind word,
Life's chilling wintry winds, have stirr'd
The beauty of thy rest ;
But snow-time hastens, and decay
Will waste thy home, and numb thy lay.

Thy breast, a bower of bloom and dew,
Where Joy makes music at the door,—
And circled by her mirthful crew,
Hope, the May-queen, dances thro',
Feeding thee with her sweet store.
Time those strings of joy will sever,
Hope may not dance on for ever.

Now thy fond mother's arm is spread
'Neath thy peaceful head at night,
And pausing feet creep round thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darken'd light ;
But that lov'd arm will pass away,
By thee no more those feet will stay,—
Then pray, Child, pray !

Aris Willmott.

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